

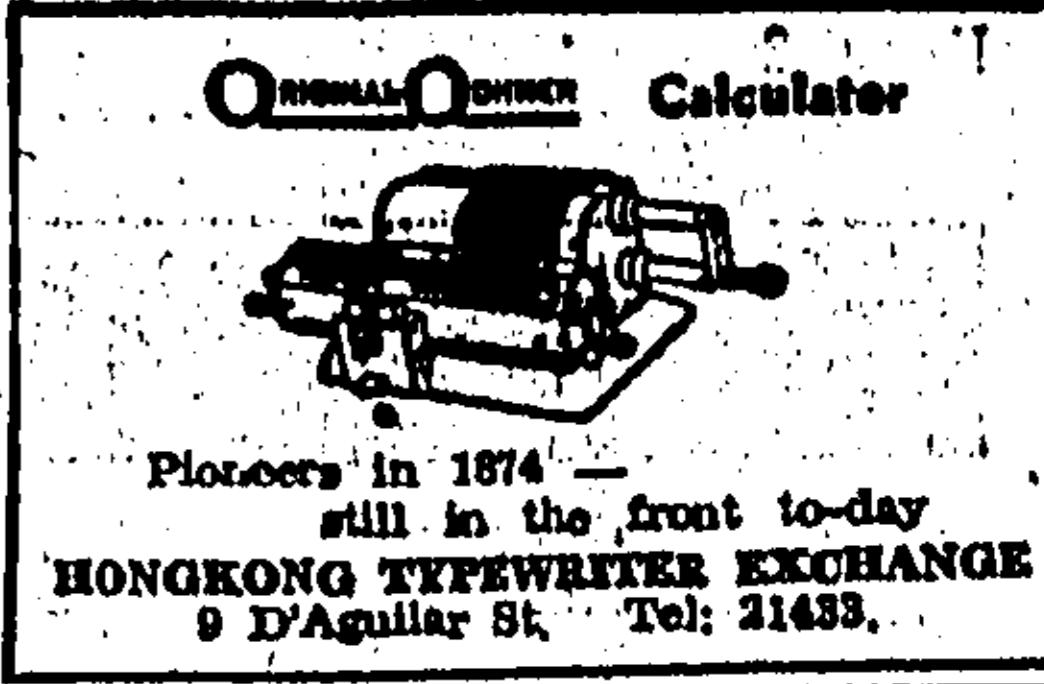
CHINA MAIL

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COMMENT OF THE DAY

Facts About HK

TUNISIAN REFORMS APPROVED

Paris, Aug. 27. The French National Assembly tonight approved the French Government's North African policy by an overwhelming majority of 451 votes to 122 against.

The vote was taken on a Radical motion which stated that the Assembly approved statements on a tour of Southeast Asia. Mr Attlee's visit to the Colony will enable him to see at first-hand some of our many problems and how we are coping with them. And although the visit will only be a short one (two days), the knowledge he will gain will undoubtedly contribute to a fuller understanding of the vital function this Colony is performing and in capable of performing for Britain in the Far East.

The visiting party of Mr Attlee later in the month should also profit from their short visit here. Parliamentary visits outside Britain are all too infrequent and today there is a very great need for our legislators to understand problems outside their own shores, particularly in the Far East. Government White Papers invariably make dull reading. They should therefore be able to put their Southeast Asian visit to good use. Also this month, His Excellency the Governor, at present on leave, begins his lecture tour of America. His message about Hongkong will be delivered not only to a number of influential organizations but also over various television networks and his remarks will therefore be assured of reaching a wide audience.

Earlier in the debate the Premier had told the Assembly that there could be no thought of the eventual return of the former Sultan of Morocco, Sidi Mohammed Ben Youssef, to the throne.

BAPTIZED

"One of the causes of uneasiness that reigns in Morocco is the movement of opinion existing in favour of the former sultan," he said.

The Premier expressed satisfaction with the situation in Tunisia where, he said: "A climate of mutual confidence had been re-created that will favour the progress of the coming negotiations."

M. Christian Fouchet, Minister of Moroccan and Tunisian Affairs, defended the consulting of Neo-Destour opinion in connection with Tunisian and added that the Bey himself was conscious of its importance.

Replying to M. René Mayer, the Minister said that his suggestion for integrating all North Africa in the Atlantic Pact would be studied by the government. — Reuter and France Presse.

Prisoners Riot

Kingston, Jamaica, Aug. 27. Between 300 and 400 convicts rioted today at the Central Penitentiary and the police had to be called from the outside to help restore order.

Several guards and prisoners who refused to join in the riot were beaten up. The situation in the prison was described as "tense". The riot came as a government committee investigating prison conditions in the islands was ready to present its preliminary report.

A lesser disorder at the large District Prison was reported last night.—United Press.

Mendes-France May Agree To A New Delay

Paris, Aug. 27. The French Cabinet agreed tonight to defer a decision on ratification of the European Army treaty if necessary to enable further negotiations to be held on France's demand for revisions to the treaty, well informed sources said tonight.

Reliable sources said the Premier would ask the National Assembly tomorrow or Sunday to postpone debate on the European Defence Community until France could meet again with the five other nations of the EDC.

The sources said M. Mendes-France told a Cabinet meeting he would accept a "mandate" from the Assembly to reopen the negotiations, which collapsed a week ago in Brussels, and that the mandate would be presented early in tomorrow's session of Parliament.

The decision was regarded as a move to save his young government from splitting wide open on the controversial problem of rearming Germany under EDC by agreeing to abandon his determination to ram a yes or no EDC decision through the Assembly immediately.

The sources said his five pro-EDC Ministers, who had threatened to resign in advance of the EDC debate, would now stick with him.

His motion is expected to call for adjournment until further negotiations with the other five members of EDC—Italy, West Germany, Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg.

But the sources said M. Mendes-France demanded that the mandate embody the same compromise formula he fought for last week in the Belgian capital—that he could not be expected to accept one week what he had rejected the last.

Observers believe there was a good chance the Assembly would pass the motion for adjournment and EDC would not be debated until September 22. In the meantime, it appeared possible that new concessions offered today by the Belgian Foreign Minister, Paul Henri Spaak, might enable the EDC nations to reach a compromise. — Reuter and United Press.

BRITISH SHOCK

London, Aug. 28. News of the probable postponement of the EDC vote in the French Assembly came as a shock to British official opinion last night.

It had been confidently assumed here that the four-day European Defence Community debate in the French Assembly which starts today would result in a firm decision one way or another, which would either establish or kill the long delayed plan to set up a European army.

According to diplomatic quarters here a main purpose of Sir Winston Churchill and Mr Anthony Eden in their Chartist conference last Monday with French Premier, M. Pierre Mendes-France was to urge that the debate and the vote should take place as planned.

NO COMMENT

Washington, Aug. 27.

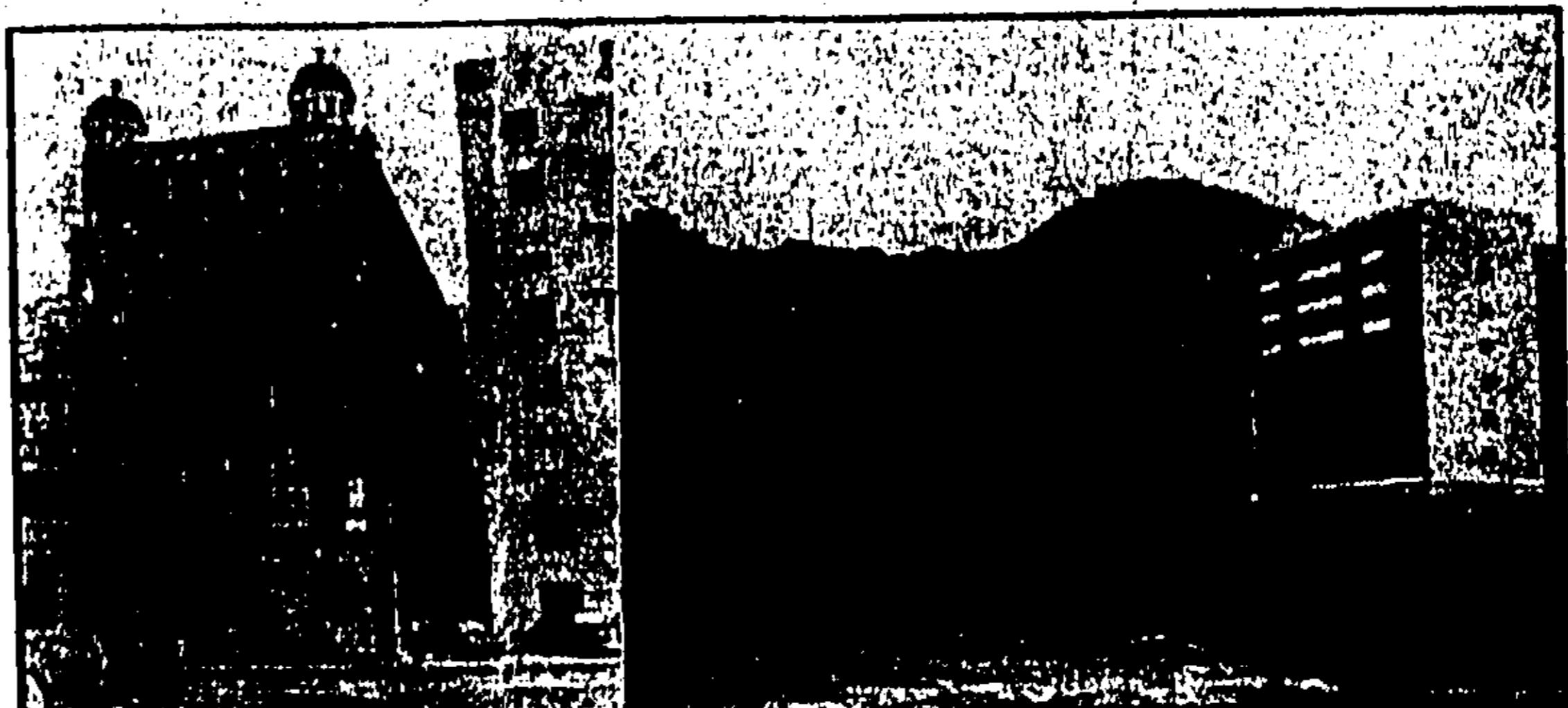
Officials here today declined to comment upon press reports that M. Mendes-France might agree to a suspension until September 22 of a vote by the French National Assembly on the European Defence Community treaty.

Both the British and United States Governments are on record as opposing further delays in a decision upon the treaty. President Eisenhower and the British Prime Minister, Sir Winston Churchill, two months ago supported putting an end to the "present uncertainties" and expressed their conviction that "further delay in the entry into force of the EDC and Bonn treaties would damage the solidarity of the Atlantic nations."

These statements were made when the chances of the French National Assembly ratifying the treaty seemed better than they seemed today.

It is possible that, if confronted with the prospects of certain defeat at an early vote of the Assembly, the United States might take a different attitude regarding a postponement until mid-September.—Reuter.

From The Old To The New



These pictures taken by our staff photographer show the old Police Headquarters on Connaught Road and the new one at Arsenal Yard. Now read of the trials and tribulations they are faced with next month when they move:

'M' Day (And A Headache) For HK Police Next Month

By A Staff Reporter

Moving house is an annoying job at the best of times. The doors are either too narrow or the cupboards too big—it depends which way you look at it.

The trouble is that you moved in such a long time ago and can't remember which end went first. Eventually you get around to thinking that maybe the house was built around the furniture.

Of course, the obvious solution is to turn the place down and collect the insurance. This method either gets you some nice new furniture or a few years to cool off from the effects of the fire.

But somehow, things usually work out in the end.

SUMPTUOUS BUILDING

Some of these problems faced the local Police this month when they planned Operation "Moving House" from Connaught Road headquarters to the sumptuous new \$10 million building half a mile to the east, scheduled for September 15.

But although their old headquarters may be sold over their heads next Friday, they will be in occupation for a few more weeks.

Their furniture has been given a professional look over and on "M" Day—September 16—dozens of little men will invade the Oriental Building down Connnaught Road and seventy-odd executives, including the Commissioner, will be without desks, chairs and the inevitable files.

To catch up with their work they will have to rush around to the new building in Arsenal Yard. (Nothing to do with Scotland Yard).

POLICE SURGEON TOO

On Saturday the Criminal Investigation Department weighed down by a mere 85,000 dossiers, will take up residence. The Police Surgeon will be on this junket with the laboratory.

A week later the Identification Bureau, complete with 150,000 fingerprints, and the Ballistics Expert will leave for their new home.

Immigration with a non-working day move out on Sunday the 25th and then the old building will be empty.

O. C. Harbour and his launches will move direct from

About 600 persons will be involved in phase one. Phases two and three will take place when the building is completed some years hence.

TAILPIECE—By the way, that terra cotta facing is there to stay.

Bedside Hearing Likely For Shooting Case

Devizes, Aug. 27.

A magistrate's court will probably convene next week at the hospital bedside of seriously wounded peer alleged to have been shot by the middle-aged woman who was described as his mistress.

Mrs Mavis Wheeler, aged 40, was remanded in custody for a week by the magistrates here yesterday after they heard preliminary evidence in an attempted murder charge.

Doctors said that London theatre impresario Lord Vivian, the man shot, was still not fit enough to give evidence so the hearing was adjourned. Lord Vivian is recovering from an operation for a gunshot wound in the stomach.

The prosecutor told the magistrates earlier that Mrs Wheeler, who had lived with Lord Vivian in London for several months, shot him as he attempted to climb through the window of a cottage they occupied near here.

Mrs Wheeler, a slender blonde sat motionless in the dock in the crowded court as the prosecutor said that she had missed with the first shot.

But they said later that a post mortem examination and post-mortem tests on shoes worn by a horse in the grazing enclosure where Mr Richards was found, showed that he had been kicked in the jaw, and that a nail in the horse shoe caused the hole.

Mr Richards died on August 21.—Reuter.

Arctic Triumph For US Navy

Northwest Passage Conquered

Washington, Aug. 27.

The United States Navy claimed today that two American icebreakers had crashed their way through the ice-clogged western entrance of the legendary and long-sought Northwest passage in the Canadian Arctic.

The Navy announcement claimed that the icebreakers, the U.S. Burton Island, and the U.S.S. Northwind, were the first ships ever to negotiate the formerly impassable McClure Strait.

The ships were on a joint Canadian-American oceanographic and hydrographic exploration of the area. The American Naval authorities said that it was believed that their fleet would be of immense scientific value, although no commercial advantage could be seen at the moment.

The Burton Island crashed through the McClure Strait from east to west on August 11 to 18 and cut her way back again along the northern edge of strait;

The Northwind entered the strait from the Arctic and ploughed its way along the southern edge from west to east on August 13 to 21. Both ships were equipped with helicopters. McClure Strait lies between Melville and Banks Islands, and connects the Arctic Ocean with Viscount Melville Sound. It was named after a British naval captain, McClure, who in 1853 tried to get through the strait, but was iced in about halfway, at Mercy Bay. — Reuter.

Horse Kick Killed Scientist

Quebec, Aug. 27.

Allen Paul Richards, British guided missile expert found fatally wounded near the Canadian armament and research establishment here on August 18, was killed by a kick from a horse, police said today.

The police had earlier investigated the possibility that the 36-year-old scientist was murdered and that a small hole in his thigh was caused by a bullet.

But they said later that a post mortem examination and post-mortem tests on shoes worn by a horse in the grazing enclosure where Mr Richards was found, showed that he had been kicked in the jaw, and that a nail in the horse shoe caused the hole.

Mr Richards died on August 21.—Reuter.

Tennis Players' Toast...

PIMM'S No. 1

London, Aug. 27.

Most of Britain basked in warm sunshine today and some resorts had their warmest day of this year's almost nonexistent summer.

Highest temperatures recorded were round about 76 degrees Fahrenheit.

Farmers as well as holiday makers hustled to take advantage of the long awaited fine weather. For some it was an all-out effort to recoup losses caused by the long, wet and cold spell. Others worked at top speed to save threatened crops while conditions remain good. — Reuter.

When tennis first became the rage, Pimm's had some of the best.

For many years now Pimm's has been the drink of choice.

When writing to the Queen, Pimm's Colonial P.D.C.

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FLY PAL TO BANGKOK

Weekly Flights every Wednesday.

Flights leaving Hong Kong every Wednesday at 12 noon, arrive in Bangkok at 4 p.m. (local time)

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PAL PHILIPPINE AIRLINES

SHELL IS 72 MILLION MILES AHEAD

Only after 72 million miles of road tests, using every type of engine, was I.C.A. (Ignition Control Additive) put on the market.

The unique properties of Shell Gasoline with I.C.A. result in smoother running, more power and longer spark plug life. Try it and see!



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KING'S PRINCESS

AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

FINAL TO-DAY

KING'S: MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 A.M.

SUNDAY

GREGORY PECK

in

"ONLY THE VALIANT"

Presented by Warner Bros.

At Reduced Prices: \$1.00 & \$1.50

MONDAY**JOHN WAYNE in "OPERATION PACIFIC"**

in Technicolor

Proceeds in aid of the Kowloon Tsai Fire Victims

At Reduced Prices: \$1.00 & \$1.50

★ TO-MORROW ★**PRINCESS TO-MORROW****EXTRA MORNING SHOWS**At 11.00 a.m.
Variety Programme of Technicolor Cartoons
by 20th Century-Fox

At Reduced Prices

At 12.20 p.m. South-East Asia Film Co.
present an all-mighty Indian picture

"AURAT"

Starring PREMNATH • BINA RAI
ULLHAS • HIRALAL • PURNIMA

With English Subtitles • At Regular Prices

MONDAY AUGUST 30, AT 11.30 A.M.

Tyrone POWER • Susan HAYWARD
in**"RAWHIDE"**With Hugh Dean Edgar Jack
MARLOWE • JAGGER • BUCHANAN • ELAM
A Sensational 20th Century-Fox Film

At Reduced Prices

HOOVER NOW SHOWING
2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40

EXTRA MORNING SHOW ON SUNDAY AT 12

Special Holiday Matinee on Monday at 12 Noon
WALT DISNEY'S "SNOW WHITE & THE 7 DWARFS"
Reduced Adm. Prices: \$1.00 & \$1.50**MAJESTIC** AT 2.30, 5.20,
7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
AIR CONDITIONEDSHOWING TO-DAY
"WHAT SAILORS ARE MADE OF"
AKIM TAMIROFF • DONALD Sinden
SARAH LAWRENCE • ROBERT WAYNE
in COLORTO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.
20th Century-Fox COLOR CARTOONS
At Reduced Prices: \$1.20, 70c, & 40c**FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING**

By JANE ROBERTS

We just don't seem to be able to get away from westerns — there's another batch of them this week, beginning with the comparatively civilised "Johnny Guitar".

That's at the HOOVER and they have "Make Haste To Live" scheduled to follow on.

Then at the EMPIRE, after "The African Queen", their western is called "Fort Osage".

Following "The Seekers" at the LEE and GREAT WORLD we have the Seminole and Kiowa Indians featured in "War Arrow" and Gary Cooper, Richard Widmark and Susan Hayward fight the Apaches in "Garden Of Evil" at the ROXY and BROADWAY.

The CAPITOL'S show after "Quo Vadis" will be a re-issue of "Green Dolphin Street" and then "Rose Marie".

After "Invaders From Mars", the KING'S and PRINCESS will show "Prisoners Of The Casbah", then "Beat The Devil". The latter will be playing at the same time at the EMPIRE.

At the QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA, Fernandel in "Public Enemy Number One" will give way to "The Saracen's Blade".

I wish I knew why Joan Crawford can go on year after year producing the same type of woman in a different setting each time and yet still manage to command one's interest.

The test of a good film, be it musical, adventure, drama or comedy, is whether or not it succeeds in holding your attention from start to finish. "Johnny Guitar" has many faults but I think it accomplishes this—it captured and held mine.

John Crawford's face plastered fair and square in the centre of the screen, eyes dilated, harsh mouth shouting belligerent threats is a familiar shot that fits into any of her pictures; but even while you're marvelling at the lack of subtlety and deep feeling, you can't help but be carried along by the magnetism of this star's personality.

Which, I suppose, is what stops her from being a great actress in the old fashioned sense of the word. It's the Crawford personality coming out in every part. She's Mildred Crawford Pierce, Joan Torch Song Crawford or, in this case, Joan Vienna Crawford, every time.

Mercedes McCambridge who has the secondary feminine role in the picture, is much more of a dramatic actress than Joan Crawford. Yet the mechanics of her acting showed through in "Johnny Guitar" and she stole no scenes from the star.

Called upon subtly to work up the feelings of a posse to the pitch necessary to lynch Joan Crawford (owner of a gambling house) one felt that she was standing back admiring her performance to such an extent as to make it ludicrous.

I could have kicked the sheriff and his band of hypocrites for being swayed by such obvious soap boxing. And yet — I don't know — many mobbs have been fired as easily. Perhaps it was my admiration for the Crawford personality that made me biased.

The quarrel between these two women is the motivating force behind the action of the picture.

Ostensibly, Scott Brady, in love with Vienna (Joan Crawford) and in turn half-hated, half-loved by Mercedes McCambridge is the bone of contention. But in reality it's the natural loathing of a forceful woman, unattractive to men, for the same type who is.

Sterling Hayden, as Johnny Guitar, the soft-spoken wanderer who hopes to reclaim Vienna

after a separation of five years, is most convincing. The fact that he's supposed to have been a notorious gunman in the past hasn't made him play the part as a hard-bitten hoodlum—the slight weakness in his character I thought he did very well.

The guitar music, and in fact the whole musical score contributes materially to the entertainment value of this picture—it's by Victor Young.

Before leaving Johnny Guitar, one or two clever points—the dramatic effect in this coloured film of the clothes of the lynching party, coupled with John Crawford's all white billowing dress; the unexpected, unheralded blast of dynamite at the beginning of the film capturing the interest at the outset; the arresting shot of Vienna's bizarre gambling saloon apparently rising straight out of the desert.

FOR ONCE

For once, in "Fort Osage" a frontier scout isn't assigned to the U.S. Cavalry and his advice to the commander ignored.

Amidst the battery of western artillery we've had and are having hurled at us, I can't help being impressed by the undoubted courage of the early settlers who headed west from the comparative comfort of the east, to face the certain dangers of the wild Indian country that lay between them and the fertile lands of California.

It's like a brush toothpaste advertisement—sooner or later the burrage overwhelms you and against your will you have to be impressed.

My main quarrel with westerns is that they're usually so wildly improbable and contain such impossible unreal characters that they're reduced to the level of a comic strip.

But with so many settlers in so many westerns dying with their boots on in the middle of what must have been to them, terrifyingly alien barren country, I'm beginning to see why so many people are inspired by their bravery. After all, why shouldn't the film companies cash in on the two most colourful patches of American history—the Indian wars and the Civil War?

In "Fort Osage", Rod Cameron is hired by two shady individuals to escort a wagon train from Fort Osage to California.

In spite of being the leader of the expedition and as such, in a position to decide when the wagons shall leave, he finds inexplicable delays at every turn. Our two friends who've hired him are of course at the back of it all, having wrangled on a deal to deliver certain goods to the Osage Indians in return for a guarantee of safety for the wagon train.

Guns blaze, villains plot. Indians whoop and eventually off we go on the trail to the west. Jane Fonda is the girl.

INTER-INDIAN

Maureen O'Hara has been in films quite some time—more years than she probably cares to remember—but she still radiates a freshness that some of the stars of the same vintage have lost somewhere along the road to fame.

She's in "War Arrow" with Jeff Chandler now. Not a role calling for great feats of historical talent, but she graces it with her own attractive brand of Irish charm.

It's Indian against Indian in "War Arrow", with Jeff Chandler as Major Brady, enlisting the help of the peaceful Seminoles against the warlike Kiowas.

The Seminoles were originally from the swamplands of Florida and in turn half-hated, half-loved by Mercedes McCambridge is the bone of contention. But in reality it's the natural loathing of a forceful woman, unattractive to men, for the same type who is.

For the first half of "Garden Of Evil" I thought I was going

to have to dig deep into my box of superlatives to find words of praise adequate to describe it.

The scenery was wonderful, Susan Hayward as a gold prospector's wife didn't have a single change of clothing, Gary Cooper's face while delivering a monotonous grunt, by way of dialogue was a joy to watch and the thoughtful debt touches of a really good movie were falling logically into the pattern designed for them.

Then, I'm afraid, I began to notice the odd corny touch here and there in the dialogue. And that, given that the trek from the Mexican export to the Garden of Evil was scheduled to take five days, it was beginning to seem as though the riders really would take that long to get there.

It was as though everyone had started out with an excellent idea, with a good cast, with the right medium for bringing both to the screen (CinemaScope) and then got a little overwhelmed half way through.

The story is about four men picked up by Leah in a sleepy little Mexican village. Three of them are waiting for their ship to take them on to the gold-fields of California. The other is Mexican.

Her object is to get them to ride back with her into the interior where her husband is trapped, badly wounded, in his gold mine. Most of the film is spent in convincing us that this Leah is plenty much

All the characters have lines of script to be delivered wonderfully, prudingly, winking and forcefully, respectively, to this effect. Her own is spoken in a low, throaty voice, but is quite down to earth—nothing at all suggestive of the "hidden force" she's supposed to possess. Maybe you'll discover this elusive something — I'm still thinking about it.

Gary Cooper (although he and Richard Widmark are co-starred, he's obviously the one to be considered first) is big slow moving, slow talking and apart from telling Leah that he once was a sheriff, that's all we know about him.

Richard Widmark tells Gary Cooper that he's firstly a gambler and secondly a poet. I think he must have been fooling about the second.

Cameron Mitchell is a tricky young fellow, a cross between Dane Clark and John Garfield to look at and with the same truculent "I'm a tough boy-soc" attitude towards everyone.

Victor Manuel Mendoza is a simple Mexican.

All four are supposed to infer that they're pretty bad medicine for a lone woman to ride the jungles and mountains of Mexico with, but instead of the obvious happening, we have the youngster blushing when the chaste Cooper, Widmark

It's a bit involved, but as it's labelled a Technicolour swashbuckler by the people who made it, you won't bother too much with the plot — the action's the thing.

Ricardo Montalban is the man who gallops off to fight the Saracens when his girl friend is married by the murderer of his father, and the killer himself is Rick Jason.

The latest company to join the 'Scope race is R.K.O. Radio. They've adopted the Tushinsky process called Superscope which fits the film to the screen in existence already.

The two Tushinsky brothers showed their finished product to the American film industry and press back in March of this year, but apparently it's only a month since R.K.O. Radio announced that they will be handling the overseas distribution of this process.

It's a wide screen gadget in actual fact, but unless the theatre isn't fitted for this, the only other additions to standard equipment that the cinema owner will need are Superscope variable anamorphic lenses which are attached to the projector.

The Tushinsky apparatus is designed principally for theatres

And Now Superscope

which are architecturally unsuitable for the ribbon screen proportions of CinemaScope, but want to show pictures with the CinemaScope — or any other "look".

What it can do is take an old picture shot in the standard size (four measures wide to three high) and by a reprinting process (called recomposing) and the use of anamorphic lenses, stretch it to the extreme CinemaScope proportions of almost three wide to one high.

It apparently caused great excitement when it was launched on American theatre owners and pressmen six months ago, but even the first three foreign capitals to see the wonder (London, Paris and Rome), won't receive a ceremonial visit until September, so we'll have to wait our turn.

ROXY & BROADWAY**★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★**

Owing to length of picture please note change of times:

AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

LEE DAILY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

LEE • GREAT WORLD EXTRA PERFORMANCE TO-MORROW "THE SEEKERS" AT 12.00 Noon

LEE DAILY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

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LEE DAILY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

HUMPHREY BOGART**JENNIFER JONES****GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA****Italy****THE MEDITERRANEAN****Africa****THEM'RE ALL IN****JOHN HUSTON'S****BEAT THE DEVIL****The Bold Adventure That Beats Them All!**

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8-18 PORTABLE TYPEWRITER



IDEAL FOR HOME USE!

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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

AT 86, GRANDMA PARKER STARTED PAINTING LIKE A PROFESSIONAL

Residents of this northern Ontario town will put 86-year-old Grandma Parker up against the United States' Grandma Moses any day in a painting contest.

Mrs. Naomi Parker began to paint two years ago using a \$4.00 set of oils and the tops of cardboard shoe boxes. Today her work shows a sense of colour and proportion which has won the praise of professional critics and which neighbours think is just as good as Grandma Moses' painting and maybe better.

A daughter, Mrs. T. J. Stuart, ordered the paints after Grandma Parker announced, at 84, that she was through with quilts and mats, of which she had made hundreds.

"When she got the paints, she turned to them as if she had been waiting for them all her life," Mrs. Stuart recalls.

The Men Are More Fussy About Their Haircuts

(Yes, You've Guessed It) Than Women

Los Angeles, California. Men are more fussy about hair stylings than women. Right now they're going in a big way for finger-waving and fancy haircuts.

These revelations were unfolded before delegates to the California Associated Master Barbers and Beauticians' Convention.

The group's Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Vernon L. Rose, a veteran of 30 years of cutting hair, said men give barbers the biggest headaches.

"The men . . . after the job is done, want a little more off here and some other little changes there," Rose said. "Just so it will be different from last time."

"But once a woman is satisfied with a certain cut," he added, "she will want it just that way for a long time to come, and won't ask the barber for little trimmings-up."

President George Timme said that finger-waving and fancy haircuts are becoming "highly popular with males all the way from 15 to 50 years old." —United Press.

Redskins To Get Gift Of \$1,500

Shawano, Wisconsin. The U.S. Government will hand over a check for \$1,500 to each of the 3,255 members of the Menominee Indian tribe this week.

The \$3,000,000 pay-off is part of a bill signed by President Eisenhower last month which will free the tribe from government supervision by the end of 1958.

The tribe has approximately \$8,500,000 on deposit with the government. For those who are under 18, mentally incompetent or unable to manage their own affairs, the money will be deposited in their names and administered by tribe officials. —United Press.

PHILIPS Minigroove 33 1/3
LONG PLAYING RECORDS

**BEETHOVEN**Symphony No. 1 & Symphony No. 8
A-L 00179**DEBUSSY**Pelleas et Melisande
A-L 00192-3-4**HAYDN**Symphony No. 53 & Symphony No. 67
("Imperial")
A-L 00181**MOZART**Two Concertos for piano and orchestra
B Flat Major K.V. 456 F Major K.V. 459
A-L 00184

PHILIPS
The Records of the Century

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith

I'm disappointed in you, Joe! With the country as prosperous as it is, you let a housewife slip you stale bread!"

Cheesecake And Beesecake In Mae West's New Show

Las Vegas, Nevada. While the Miss Universe girls are still counting their trophies, Mr America of 1954 passed them up and is the newest, but "slightly embarrassed," semi-nude night club star in town.

Dick Dubois and his retinue of seven other muscle men caused a minor riot when they showed up, bare except for white Greek-type bikinis, in Mae West's night club debut.

As the veteran Queen of Sex explained, "It is the first time in history the ladies in the audience have something to ogle at while their husbands check the measurements of the chorus girls."

Dick and the other boys, all Mr America contestants, assume those stances you see in physical culture magazines—arms akimbo, muscles bulging, stomach yanked in to the backbone.

After three days of rehearsals by despising dance director Charlie O'Corran, the he-men also do an alleged dance. They even wiggle their chest muscles.

One woman at the table screamed. Another sniffling, however, that the Kinsey report says women aren't interested in looking at bare chests.

"Yeh, we're a little bit embarrassed," Dick admitted after the show. "Some of the guys blush. But parading on the stage isn't too much different from the Mr America contests."

Here To Stay
"Besides, it's a great revelation of masculine virility. This will revolutionize show business. It's never been done before. I think beescake is here to stay."

The muscle boys have changed life around the hotel, at least. The chorus girls spent their afternoons dozing by the swimming pools. But the male Marilyn Monroe's brought along bimbos and lift weights to keep them in shape every day.

Some of them, liked their chorus girl counterparts, are not interested in the mental side of life. But Dubois studied Shakespeare and has loftier ambitions than showing off his shape.

"I want to be a dramatic actor," he said. "I've had parts in pictures for two years."

She's Fascinating
Recently the curly-haired blonde from New York played Debbie Reynolds' boy friend in "Athens" at M-G-M.

Why did he decide to take up muscle building? "I've had that ambition since I was a child to be the most perfect man in America," he said.

The total cost of the extensive repairs has not been determined, but some \$500,000 in appropriations is said to be available for starting work on the warship, docked for years at the shipyard.

"Old Ironsides" will receive new planking above the waterline and her masts will be strengthened.

Even when the repairs are complete, "Old Ironsides" won't be completely seaworthy. As one naval officer pointed out,

"She'll be a showpiece, but she won't be a fighting ship."

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Burt Lancaster in "The Spy Who Loved Me"

SHOWING TO-DAY
Shakespear in "Romeo and Juliet"

SHOWING TO-DAY
Robert Wagner in "The Tower of Victory"

HOMESTIDE PICTORIAL



EVA BARTOK fulfilled one of her ambitions when she played a short scene from Bernard Shaw's "St Joan" in the BBC television service. This is how the film star looked in her part. (Express)



LORD RUSSELL of Liverpool, who has resigned his post as Assistant Judge Advocate General because he refused to suppress his book about German war crimes, "The Scourge of the Swastika." (Express)



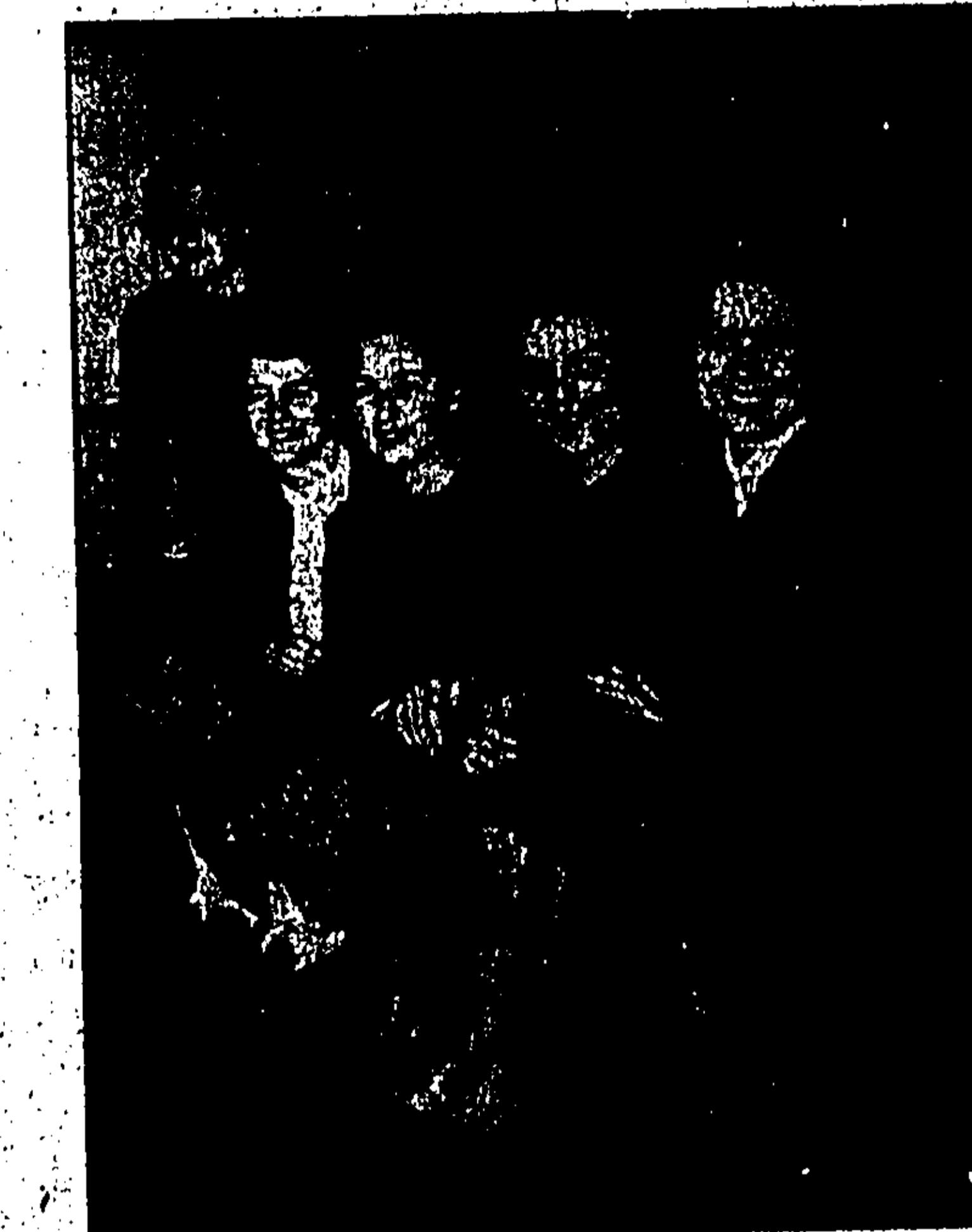
LEFT: One of the oldest wildfowlers still at work is 80-year-old Walter Linnet of Bradwell-on-the-Sea, near Burnham, Essex. He has lived all his life there, still shoulders his 10 bore gun and is a fine shot on the marshes.



PRINCESS MARGARET arriving for divine service at the 18th century Traquair church, near Innerleithen, Peeblesshire. She was a guest of Lord and Lady Glenconner for the week-end. (Express)



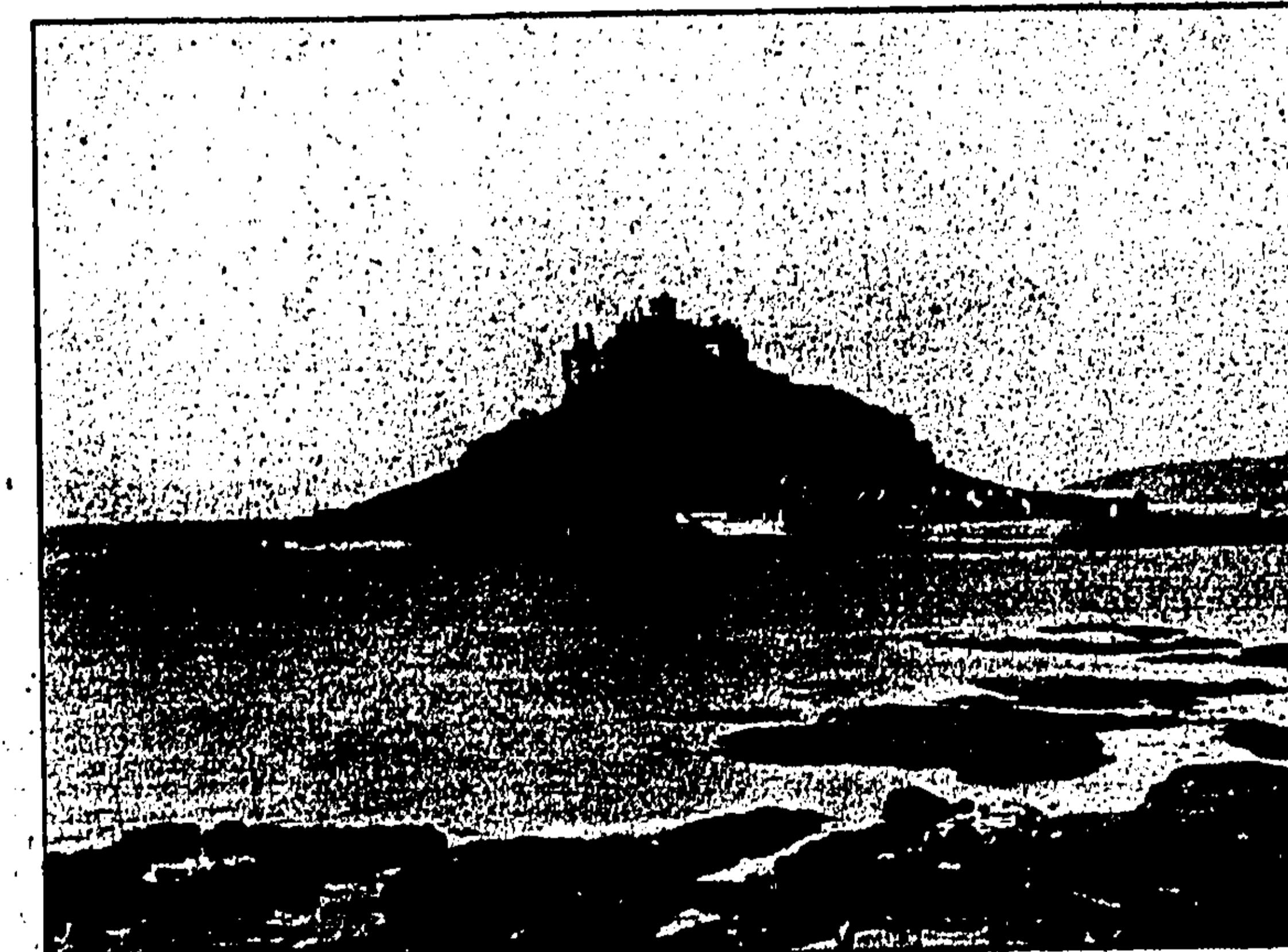
DR Roger Bannister, winner of the Mile Race in the Empire Games, and Jim Peters, who collapsed near the finishing line in the Marathon, wave to the crowd at Peters' home, Chadwell Heath. Also in picture are Peters' wife and two children.



FIVE of the 19 American college girls who have arrived in London on a £700, nine-country tour of Europe. They are Ann Patrick, Rose Montgomery, Betty Forbes, Sally Wood McMullen and Clarita Ballard. (Express)



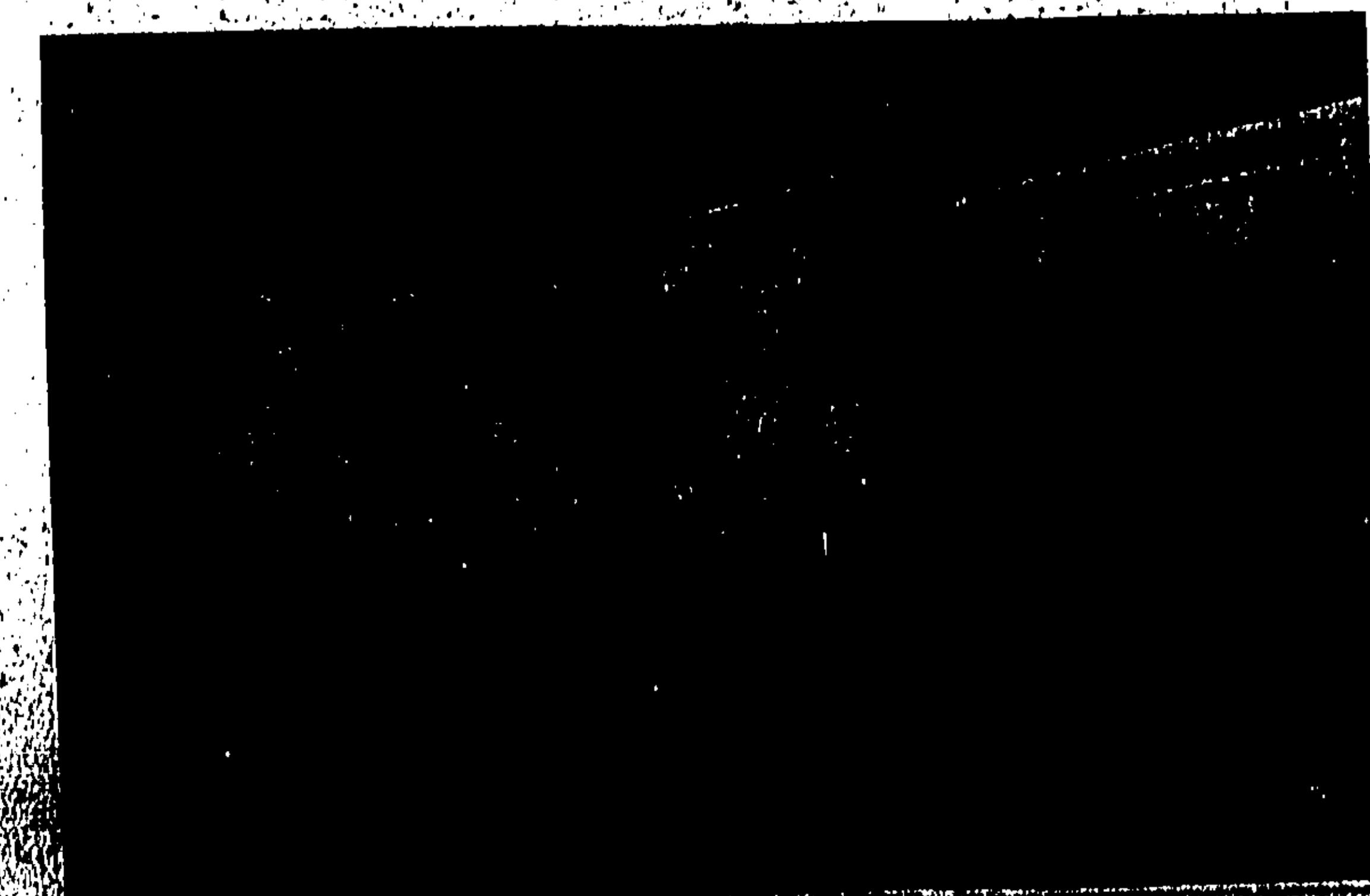
BRITAIN'S youngest millionaire is 26-year-old Leonard Wolfson, son of Isaac Wolfson, boss of the Great Universal Stores organisation. (Express)



LORD and Lady St Levan have given their lovely island home, St Michael's Mount, off Marazion (Penzance) Cornwall, to the National Trust. Above is a new view of St Michael's Mount from the mainland.

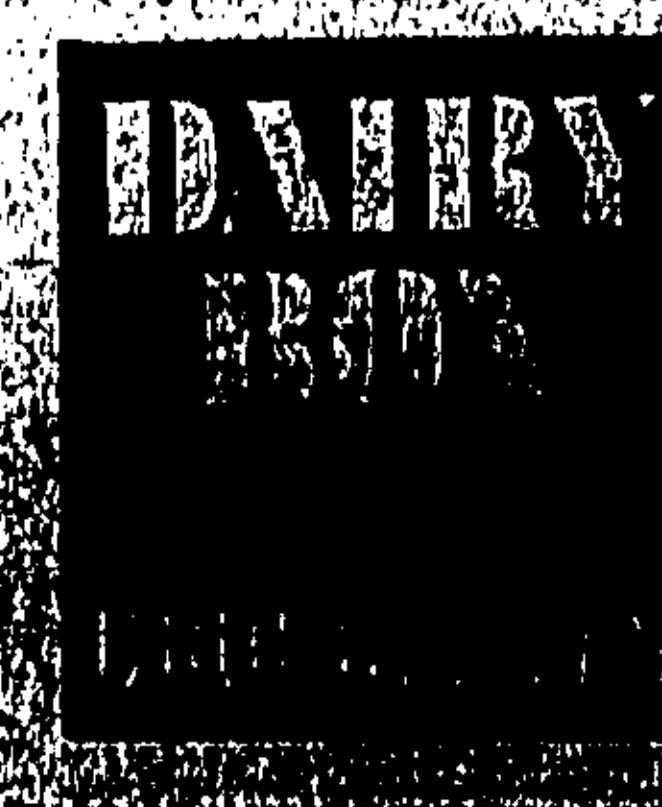
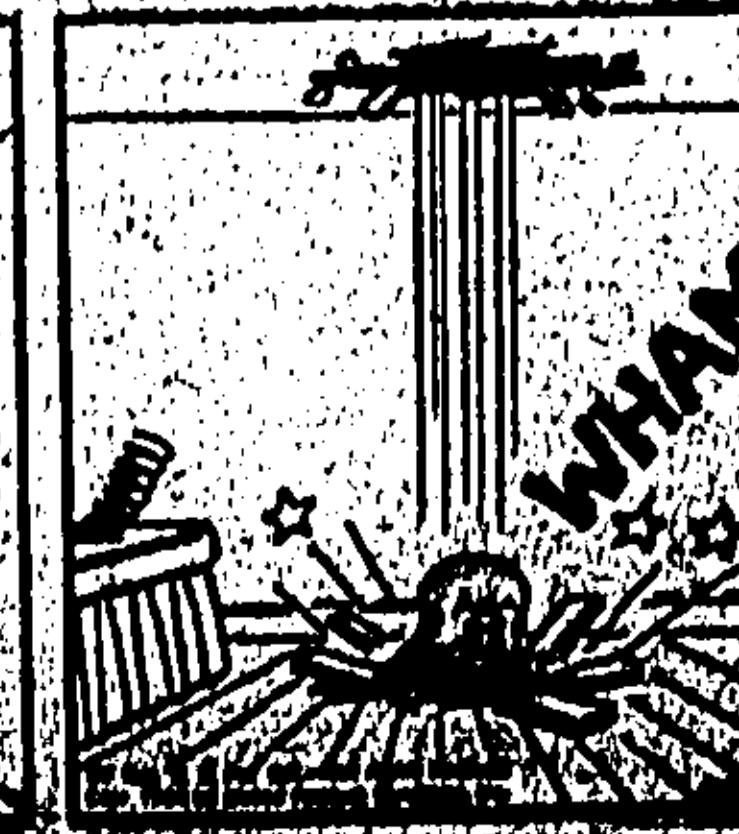
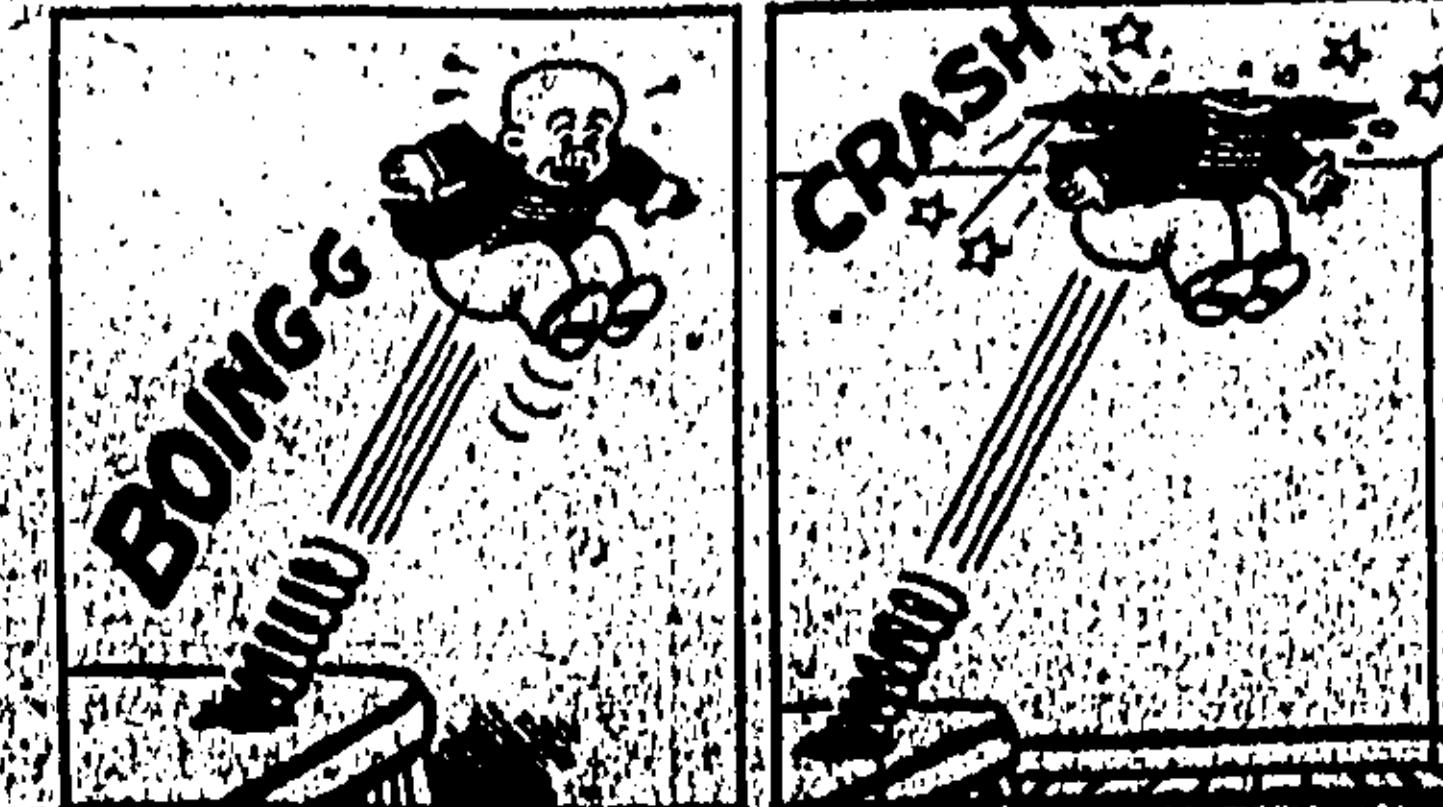


AT the annual conference of the Chief of the Imperial General Staff at Camberley. Left to right: Gen. C. L. de W. Du Toit, Chief of the South African General Staff; Lt-Gen. Sir Sydney Rowell, Chief of the Australian General Staff; Field Marshal Sir John Harding, CIGS; Lt-Gen. G. G. Simonds, Chief of the Canadian General Staff; Gen. Maharaja Shri Rajendra Singhji, C-in-C, India; Gen. Mohammad Ayub Khan, C-in-C, Pakistan; and Brig. L. W. Thornton, New Zealand Army Liaison Staff.



BELLOW: Exhibition by the Post Office Art Club of Great Britain near the churchyard of Christchurch, Greyfriars, London. (Express)

NANCY





"Marvellous thing, football. All the summer we've been getting 'Can't take you and the children out today—it's raining!'"

London Express Service

THE PROBLEMS FACING SEATO

ASIA'S POLITE PAPER FLAG WAR

By James Wickenden

AS Chou and his guests drink beside the pavilions where Yehonala, last and greatest Empress reigned from China's Dragon Throne, thousands of red paper flags bearing a yellow star flutter round Saigon.

So, while Peking goes gay with fried duck-skin and champagne, Southeast Asia's Communists surround another capital city, this time with banners instead of guns.

The polite propaganda war has begun.

The Communists are winning the first round on the eve of next month's Asian defence planning in Baguio — just as they won the battle of Dien Bien Phu in a thunder of gunfire before Geneva.

Their tactics are new. So are their aims.

They cannot plead any more that they fight colonial rule—because the French are going. But Vietnam, divided by Geneva's armistice line, wants unity.

The Communists say they can provide this quicker than anyone else.

Chief Rival

CHIEF Communist rival for the 1955 elections to unite Vietnam under one government is Emperor Bao Dai. All the hate the Communists once fired at the French they pour exclusively on Bao — an Asian and an emperor.

In Siam and Burma also the Communists will have to unseat not Western colonial rulers—but Asians in power. The Communists can no longer be champions of anti-colonialism.

They are becoming saboteurs of Asian governments.

While the Communists are busy with their new task, they want to keep the West as far away as possible. Geneva sent the French packing out of Indo-China, so now there are no Western armies to face. That is how the Communists want to keep it.

Another side to the new tactics is thus the "anti-Western base" war of words. It is the new form of "anti-colonialism". This began at Geneva when China insisted that no Western bases were to be set up in Cambodia and Laos. It appears in an other form in the present statements of the Chinese American cultural delegation.

The new cordiality between Peking and Britain is probably aimed partly to help the "anti-base" campaign. Peking, however, does not merely aim vaguely to divide Britain from the United States. Peking has definite reasons for dividing the great powers.

China appears to have a plan staggering in its vastness and detail.

Behind the fuss and furore of the Indo-China war, China has quietly begun building a great network of roads and railways to run in a 3,000-mile arc north of the Himalayas and the mountains round Burma from Tibet in the west to Hanoi and Haiphong in the south-east.

No Violence

BUT that is still too close, so Formosa too must be neutralised.

To succeed in both the "anti-base" policy and the paper flag war — now kingpins of Communism's long-term moves in Asia—the Communists know they must step softly. Violence is taboo, unless an attack on Formosa can be presented as purely Chinese business with which the West has no concern.

And the smear campaign is the chosen weapon for the immediate task of securing Vietnam and undermining the governments of Siam and Burma. It is strictly legal—quite democratic in its non-violence—and also effective.

Already the Vietminh are jubilant with their success at politics and persuasion. The Vietnamese are resigned to Formosa and newly-won Vietnam is plain from a glance at the map.

First, China will no longer need to fear that American sea-power could

interrupt China's north-south life-lines which at present run round the coast more than ever past Formosa.

The Vietnam Army has forces from close to north Kashmir by way of ten battalions of troops in an interior communication system. Out of Hanoi's 340,000 only 15,000 or so now appear willing to evacuate into Nationalist south Vietnam. The great exodus from the Communist north into the Nationalist south by American and French airlift will be smaller than the French hoped.

Also, more and more Catholics, once staunch anti-Communists, are choosing to stay and accept inevitable Communist rule.

Bao Dai has lost much of his prestige. Many one-time Nationalists call him the lazy emperor; he seems to have stirred himself so little while his country was severed at Geneva.

New Borders

JUST now the Vietminh are so optimistic of gaining all Vietnam long before the elections that they have formed an alternative administration to take over Saigon, capital of Vietnam. Its offices stand a few miles outside the city among the red paper banners.

With Vietnam falling easily into their hands, the Communists look over their new borders into four opponents.

LAND OF THE "SMORREBROD"

By Joyce Barrington

BRITONS seeking holidays abroad are flocking in greater and greater numbers to Denmark. This may be some repayment for the interest the Danes took in Britain nearly a thousand years ago. Then they temporarily "annexed" Britain and added her to the 500 other islands which, with the mainland, comprise the Danish Kingdom.

Today, Denmark is one of the happiest little lands in the world.

Denmark is usually associated with three very different topics—fairy stories, Shakespeare and bacon.

The immortal Hamlet was born in a little town that lies between Copenhagen and the Danish capital.

Denmark has ample right to be proud of her 200,000 farms. They are models of efficient husbandry and provide better living standards of her citizens than almost anywhere else in Europe.

She uses oil power in nearly every phase of her national life, and her oil consumption was around 2,000,000 tons in 1953, more than twice the pre-war level.

As regards private life, the Danes are great letter writers—on average, each person writes 100 letters every year—and stoutish烟民。Visitors are sometimes at first daunted by the formidable "smorrebrod"—a thick slice of bread, lavishly buttered, on which is piled whatever is forming the dish in question.

This is generally weeded down by another of Denmark's specialities—sausages of less cold smoking, ham, bacon.

Undoubtedly, though, the most remarkable about the Danes is their friendliness. The Danish old country is a land of great hospitality, and the Danes have carried this tradition with them to America.

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Viyella,	\$ 4.00
Jaeger/Wolsey.	\$ 5.00
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ANKLE SOCKS.

Jaeger fancy.	\$ 4.00
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UNDERWEAR.

Coopers Midways (shop-soiled)	\$ 5.00
usually \$9.50/10.50	

Manhattan trunks:	\$ 4.00
Elastic waist.	

CARDIGANS.	\$ 40.00
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SPORTS SHIRTS.

Radiac, quiet checks.	\$ 10.00
Aertex, loud checks.	\$ 10.00
Aertex, others from	\$ 12.50

DAY SHIRTS.

Van Heusen and Summit: 3 collars.	\$ 20.00
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RAINCOATS.

Aquascutum poplin.	\$ 115.50
Usual price \$215.	Now

LINEN COATS.

Navy or brown only:	\$ 75.00
down to half price.	

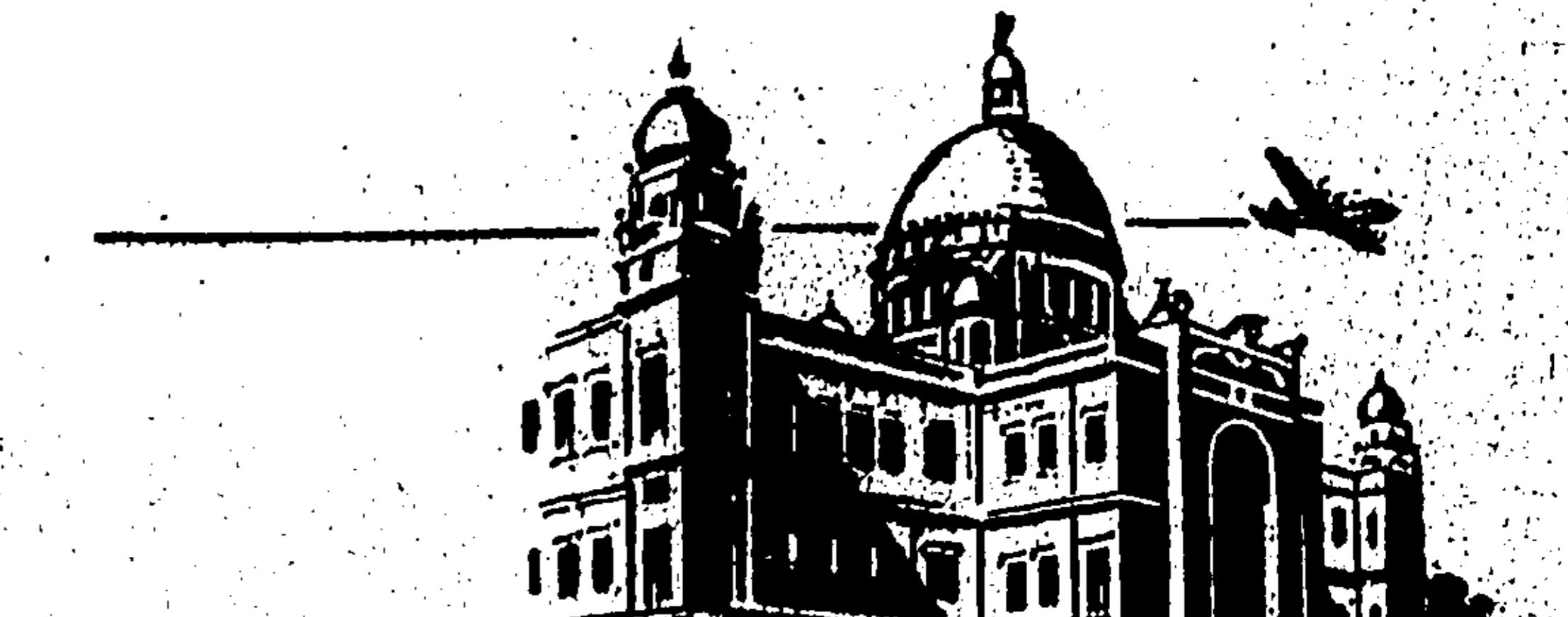
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HONOUR at STAKE

No. 1

by Edgar Lustgarten.

ON April 9, 1950, the Chancellor of the Exchequer disclosed in secret to his Ministerial colleagues what proposals were contained in his forthcoming Budget, due for presentation within a fortnight's time. On April 10, 11, 12 and 13—being Easter week-end—the Colonial Secretary, Mr. J. H. Thomas, spent a golfing and social holiday with a certain Mr. Bates, one of his closest friends. As soon as the City resumed business on April 14, Mr. Bates insisted against a rise in income-tax.

On April 21—Budget Day itself—Mr. Thomas received a morning call in his private room from Sir Alfred Butt, MP, another intimate friend. As soon as Sir Alfred returned to his own office, he, too, insisted against a rise in income-tax, and also against a rise in the duty upon tea.

Cossip grew

A FEW hours later the Budget became public property. Three-pence more on income-tax, 2d. more on tea.

Now there is an extremely common form of faulty reasoning which professional logicians, in their slangy style, refer to as the fallacy of post hoc propter hoc.

It means, though, nothing more abstruse than this: the elementary error of assuming that, if one occurrence follows upon another, the earlier is cause and the latter is effect. I had strawberries for lunch, therefore it was the strawberries that gave me stomach-ache. The Conservative (or Socialist) rule, and unemployment rises; therefore Conservative (or Socialist) policy produces unemployment.

Mind, these inferences are far from being excluded. The strawberries may have given you stomach-ache. Conservative (or Socialist) policy may have produced unemployment. But evidence in support of these conclusions must be sought; to rely upon the mere sequence of events is to invite derisive scorn from the logicians by committing the fallacy of post hoc propter hoc.

DID JIMMY THOMAS BETRAY THE BUDGET SECRETS?

The post hoc propter hoc brigado swiftly got to work when gossip flew around—as gossip in financial circles almost always does—about those successful pre-Budget operations. The proud detectives call it putting two and two together, being unable to distinguish between two and one-and-a-half. Bates had first seen the Colonial Secretary; then had correctly forecast a major Budget change. Butt had first seen the Colonial Secretary; then had correctly forecast two major Budget changes. Therefore.

The imputations of a leakage hourly grew in volume, and ultimately reached the ears of the Minister himself.

Jimmy Thomas—known thus affectionately to millions—was an outstanding figure in British public life. Starting his career as an ordinary worker on the railways, he had come up into politics through a hard trade-union school and achieved for himself popularity and esteem that transcended party and sectional divisions.

He was shocked

YOU could disagree with Jimmy; you could fight his ideas tooth and nail; but you could hardly fail to like and admire the man himself. Not just because he was humorous. Not just because he was genial. Not just because of his shrewdness and tact and common sense. But above all because beneath a slightly flippant surface, one could discern a deep integrity.

That is not to say that Jimmy Thomas had no weaknesses. Gambling was with him a dominant passion; whether it took the form of betting on a horse, or buying and selling shares upon the Stock Exchange. Gambling is no crime, and the English gamblers born, are the last to reprobate it.

Had Jimmy Thomas been a private citizen, his proclivity would have been looked upon as amiable and endearing—and, indeed, his personal gambling

transactions never created trouble and never inflicted harm. But the practice threw him into the company of men more acquitively than himself—and therein lay the seeds of his political undoing.

When Thomas learned of the rumours that were current, he was deeply shocked, and at once asked the Premier for an impartial inquiry. Simultaneously the Chairman of Lloyd's informed the Government that the amount of insurance taken out in the days before the Budget seemed dispropor-

tionately large compared with other years.

So three eminent lawyers—all of them still in active work today—Lord Porter, Lord Simonds, Mr. Justice Oliver—sat as a special tribunal to inquire whether there had been any disclosure of the Budget secrets, and if so, whether such disclosure had been used for private gain.

This inquiry lasted many days. The activities of Bates and Butt were closely scrutinised, and each in the witness-box explained what prompted him to anticipate the Budget as he did.

"I considered the general outlook serious," said Butt. "As for tea, I felt convinced the Chancellor would also try to tax that part of the community that does not pay income-tax." They took their cue, they claimed, from personal judgment, not from private information.

Jimmy Thomas's own evidence of necessity was negative. Detaching himself for a few hours from the continuous hurry of Cabinet meetings, departmental decisions and major public speeches that are the thoughts nostalgically to that distant past when war was unknown and no income tax negligible, is slow being taken out of commission. The snub-nosed monsters, bought second-hand from abroad, which are appearing in their place, hardly ever break down, and citizens of Andraitx, accustomed to spending not less than a couple of hours stretched out in the ditch while the driver scratched his head and wondered what on earth to do with an engine apparently on the point of exploding, complain bitterly that efficiency is all very well, but how are they going to spend the time saved?

The picturesque old bus from Palma to La Vileta, for instance, that was known far and wide as the 'death-watch beetle' (propelled by energy supplied from a wood-burning oven attached precariously to the rear) has been replaced by a newly-painted, petrol-driven job which has only been on and off the road since about 1929. For this part of the world, that's the dernier cri in modern transport.

The tram, from the capital to the fashionable suburb of C's Catala, that served the best of the seaside hotels, has been taken off before it fell off, and in its stead a fine 'new' bus (1951 model) now accomplishes in twenty minutes' a journey which used to take fifty, when, as seldom happened, it kept to schedule. (On an average the current failed twice a day, and the vehicle never got through a morning without leaving the tracking at least once.)

The fleet of archaic buses connecting Palma and Andraitx, an unspoilt little town of tremendous charm along the coast, which has turned many a tourist's

"followed immediately after that holiday at Easter."

Which was merely post hoc propter hoc translated into English. The juxtaposition of dates did not solve the basic problem: was it all, as Bates and Butt averred, sheer coincidence?

There were factors of conduct, however, that weighed more heavily: not factors in Jimmy Thomas's conduct, but in that of Bates and Butt. They had taken unusual pains to mask their own identities in their several transactions. They had

worked—contrary to their custom—through the nominees. And Butt, after his visit to Thomas, had reversed his previous trend; till that moment, he had been laying against a rise in income-tax.

The tribunal deemed it a case of not only post, but propter; and they reported their opinion that, in both instances, Mr. Thomas had made an unauthorised disclosure.

The inquiry itself had already impelled his resignation, "the way in which my private affairs have been handled about," he

said, "renders my continuance as a member of the Government impossible." The findings rendered impossible any thought of his return, and thus, in this unhappy manner, ended a most honourable and valuable career.

But how?

IT would be foolish to challenge the unanimous conclusion formed after noting every witness's demeanour—reached by three

of the most acute and experienced and responsible legal minds in England. One must accept the disclosures as a fact. But in what circumstances exactly were they made?

That remains ever open to conjecture. Disclosures may be made deliberately—or by inadvertence. A bantering retort to a semi-bantering question, a statement intended to be wholly non-committal but which gives something away that the speaker does not realise, even a miscalculated gesture or grimace—any and all may serve as a clue for those on the look-out.

Whether the truth in this case may be found in these alternatives I would not presume even to suggest. But that Jimmy Thomas wilfully and wickedly betrayed the secrets of the Budget I do not believe.

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Next Saturday

The man who played cards with the Prince of Wales.

Concluding: Nature's Poison Punches**THE STINGERS**

By IVAN T. SANDERSON

SEVERAL deaths have been reported as a result of what may be called "underwater fire" of the sea and when they die go back to it, but when they are washed ashore, they just melt into a mass of jelly-like stuff and disappear. Nevertheless, they lead most complicated lives.

The most horrible case occurred in August 1949 when a ten-year-old boy named Brian McNamara was swimming with his father off the coast of Queensland. He swam into a giant jellyfish whose tentacles closed around him. Its myriad tiny lashes stung his skin and, although his father thrashed and pounded at the great mass of pulsing stuff, its poison killed the boy. The animal let go and swam away.

The boy had not died, was subsequently learned, from fright or heart failure but from acute neurotoxic poisoning. In fact, the jellyfish had done just as deadly a job as any snake could have achieved.

The animals that inhabit this earth can be divided into a number of different and distinct classes or groups, each of which differs from all others in many and often almost all ways, but for the fact that all are alive. The variety seems endless, and yet there is among them, the more closely one examines them, all some appearance of order.

Jellyfish and their relatives are notable for very odd little structures, like tiny glands, on certain parts of their skin. These are little cups, or rather, flasks, with narrow openings on the surface of the animal, in which a minute bulb floats in a special liquid.

This bulb is attached to the lining of the flask at the bottom, and has a long thread at the other end.

One of the most important groups is known to everybody,

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and their relatives are notable for very odd little structures, like tiny glands, on certain parts of their skin. These are little cups, or rather, flasks, with narrow openings on the surface of the animal, in which a minute bulb floats in a special liquid.

This bulb is attached to the lining of the flask at the bottom, and has a long thread at the other end.

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These

Where are the Kings of the Ring today?

LEE SAVOLD, the soft-spoken Norwegian-American who sent Bruce Woodcock out of international boxing with a three-inch gash over his left eye four years ago, has been a stricken man these last few months.

The pleasant, homely, rubbery face that withstood a thousand punches and made a million friends in this country has the indelible mark of grief on its rugged contours.

Savold the one-time blusteringalon-bounder who favored John Marleycorn to win self-respect and a modest fortune at the fight game, took the biggest thrashing of his life when his 14-year-old daughter Sandra died from infantile paralysis early this year.

Beauty spot

That kind of rap is not easy to beat. It is a quiet but not embittered—Savold who slowly recovers the routine of life out there in Wisconsin with his wife Eileen, his university undergraduate son Dick, and his nine-year-old daughter Shirley.

Business helps the slow tide of forgetfulness. With the money he earned from the two fights

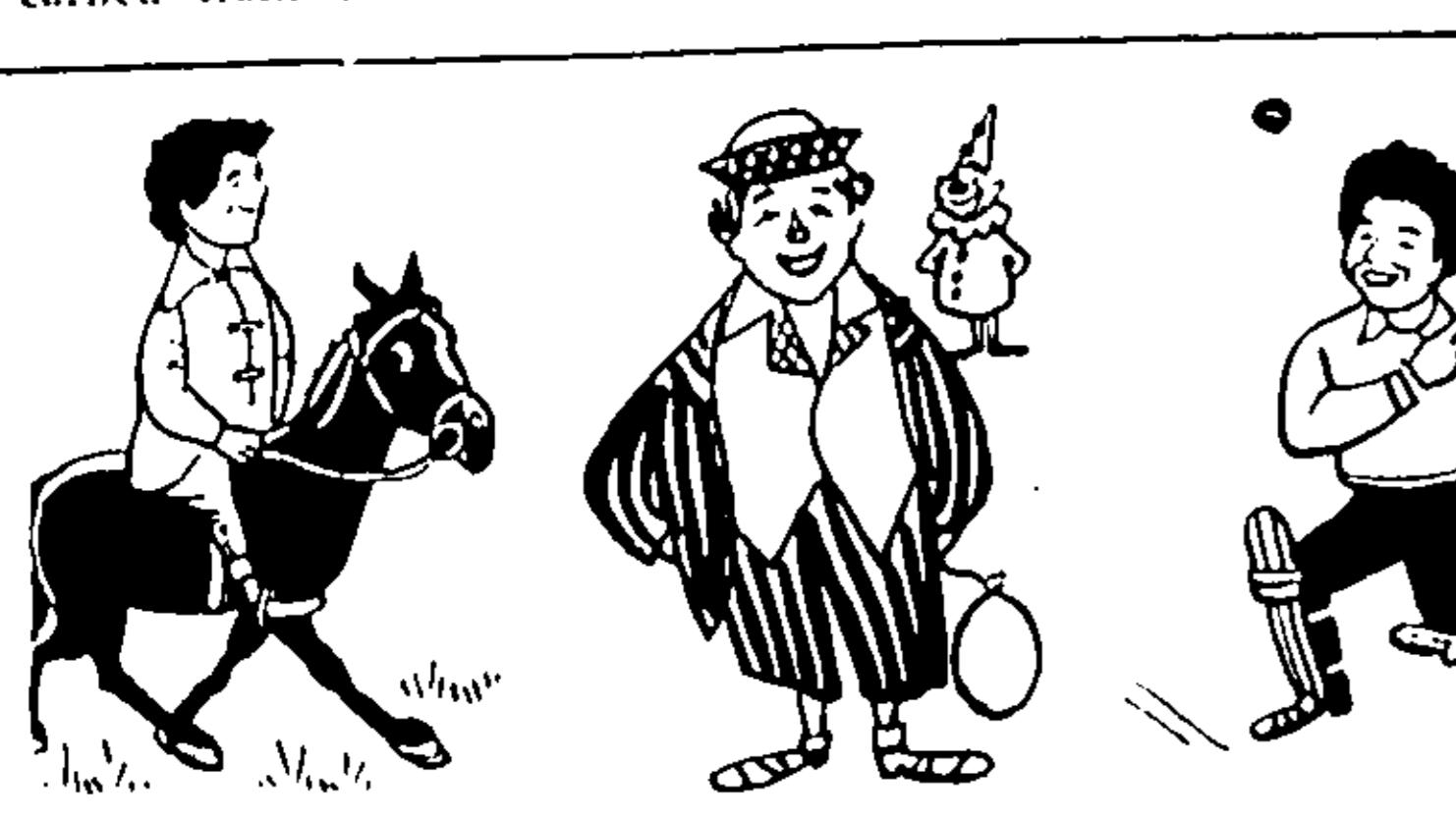
he bought a countryside hotel (motorists' hotel) in a famous beauty spot out on Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. It cost him £14,000 of the £20,000 he has staked judiciously away for his family a reward for 20 tough years in the thick-air trade.

The not-so-gentle arts of boxing also have healing properties when there is tragedy to be borne. Savold has built himself a ring at the back of his motel, and never a day passes but what his 38-year-old fists are swung for his own consolation and the instruction of younger men in the stable of his manager, Bill Daly.

Incidentally, both Daly and Savold are hoping to be in England again in August. On holiday, of course, though Savold, with a momentary return of the old dry humour that endeared him to us four years ago has been telling me that he never yet ducked a fight, and that he is quite willing to break the nose of any British heavyweight to help pay expenses.

It was as a "beak buster" that Savold, Minnesota-born, first came to our ken when Jack Solomons brought him here to fight Woodcock in December, 1948.

Socially, the visit was a resounding success. Pugilistically,



Nancy...with the light blue jeans...

BUT GEE, just look at those jeans!

AS THE MUSCLE-MAN SAID TO...
NANCY SPAIN

I DON'T believe in America. It is only a beautiful dream. Everything here is so much bigger than anywhere else.

The tomatoes are as big as cricket balls. At the shooting galleries you use a 100-shot repeating tommy-gun instead of an ordinary rifle.

If you want anything you send out for it and it arrives at all hours of the day or night—even if it is a lemon meringue pie as big as a wedding cake, done up in a hat box...

I know that American books are big. I bought "A Fable" by William Faulkner and it cost me £2 and weighs 7lb., and I cannot understand one word.

I wondered about American authors? Are they big too? I sent out for some.

Magic phrase

As a matter of fact Pulitzer Prize winner Marc Connelly, who wrote "Green Pastures," and Dorothy Parker, who wrote "Men seldom make passes at girls who wear glasses," are both quite small.

Mr Connelly stepped obediently round to Miss Hermione Gingold's apartment to meet me. Miss Gingold is now an author too. She has written a play and writes a column every week called "Miss Pep's Manhattan Diary" much punctuated with the magic phrase, "And so to bed." So it is natural for any literary gathering to meet at her place.

It overlooks the Queensboro Bridge, a gigantic piece of brick-and-mortar like the Fort Bridge in collision with an aircraft carrier. Night and day she is disturbed here by the low howls of shipping on the East River and the low growls of admiring New Yorkers.

Her salon

Miss G. is well known, is British to the backbone, which is to say that she may now be distinguished from Americans only by the fact that she comes afternoon tea.

"Oh, yes." And by her British accent. When Miss G. sends out for a tuck-screw she usually gets a taxicab.

Miss G. runs a highly literary tea-time salon.

Marc Connelly is a neat, efficient bluenoised author, in his 50s. He wears bright

emphatic bow ties, perching at his throat like butterflies. He talks splendidly, and excitedly and is associated with Miss G. in the British panel game, "One Moment, Please!" which is now sweeping American networks.

The panel members are asked to talk for one moment without hesitation, repetition, or straying from the point on subjects like the Tunnel of Love and Musical Instruments from Tibet.

For failures

If they fail on this programme they are presented with a parrotet "by the courtesy of" some manufacturers of bird seed. When Marc Connelly and I arrived the apartment was full of bird-seed.

Perhaps Mr Connelly is different from English authors. When (as was inevitable) we all began to play One Moment, Please, at this party he was invited to discuss "How to keep kitties."

Gaily he plunged into a saga that led (with relish) up to a point where (on Saturdays) he and his brothers used to "drown the kitties."

This could never happen in England. The one thing the British authors care for above royalties and rubles is Kindness to Animals.

However, Mrs Dorothy Parker, the author of such masterpieces as "Fireworks in the Afternoon," "Horse," and "She ran the whole gamut of the emotions from A to B," is kind to animals.

She lives quietly with a poodle called Misty. Misty's hair comes out of curl when it rains and she is allergic to elevators.

Mrs Parker is dainty. She sits there, tame as... anything. Mrs PARKER gently throwing a rubber band

for the dog to prance for, when she suddenly pours out an enormous whisky and says: "I was born in New Jersey. In as I have."

The news-dating today is NEW YORK, where Nancy Spain, on a flying visit, is looking up the famous

New Jersey we are all worms. In New England they are worms walking upright."

Like many British authors, Mrs Parker has a horror of work. Once, when her publisher demanded a manuscript, she invited him round and showed him how thick it was. "Not finished yet, but thick."

"It may have been padded out with a few old letters," says Mrs Parker, "but it is most unkind to suggest that it was padded with the telephone directory."

Hermione Gingold's play will be put on in the late autumn. It is all about an actress who is really a witch whose father is a conjurer, whose husband is about to be knighted.

Her husband doesn't care for her goings-on with (a) tea leaves, (b) young gentlemen.

Hermione may play it, may not.

Her current hit, John Murray Anderson's "Almanac," is closed at the moment, but reopens around the end of August. Alas, yes, Miss G. is one of the most profitable exports we have ever allowed to go to America. She

sweats, however, that she will be back in London in the spring.

Dressing up

By now the room was full of people, a lot of them British. Vida Hope was there, trembling on the brink of the biggest success of her career. Vida produced Sandy Wilson's musical comedy of the 'twenties "The Boy Friend," which is about to open in New York.

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Savold's grief is slow to heal

by George Whiting

Says Woodcock: "I was doing all right. My left opened things up, and I remember raising a bump just above Savold's right eye at the end of the first round.

"I played on that mark for all I was worth, and one right-hander on it. In the second round had Savold pulling away and covering up. Likely I should have stepped up the pressure a bit at that stage, but I was boxing to orders, and in no hurry. It's easy to be wise now."

"Savold took plenty from me in the third. One right-hander on his jaw would have put most blocks on the floor, but Lee just staggered a bit and then came back at me with those short-armed jabs he was so fond of. But none of them hurt, and I really began to feel I was getting somewhere near stopping him."

No option

"He was in trouble at the beginning of the fourth—but I was in even worse trouble soon after. He must have caught me on the chin, because when we broke from a clinch, First thing I knew I had blood pouring from my left eye and all over my face. The more I tried to brush it away the worse it got. Fighting blind, I suppose you'd call it."

"Anyway, Savold caught me again on the cut and split the flesh longer and wider. By the time the bell rang for the end of round I'd had it, and the referee, Andy Smythe, had no option but to give the fight to Savold.

"I told Bill (Daly) I figured I needed one more round to see Woodcock off the premises, but Bill was staring across the ring at Woodcock's corner and yelling to me there wasn't gonna be no more rounds. Woodcock's young brother had thrown the towel in. With an eye like that, in my family, I don't blame him."

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GERALD BOWMAN tells another story of the Caterpillar Club

Dixie Pulls Out

Even sargeants of No. 102 Squadron, Royal Air Force, made a hazardous take-off in a Halifax bomber on the night of April 27, 1942. They were bound for Cologne and it was their first operational trip on this type of machine. The Halifax had proved too heavy for their own grass airfield — its wheels sank in the prevailing mud — therefore they were using the hard runway of the satellite station.

The wind was blowing at an angle across it, and the runway seemed a bit short for an aircraft of the Halifax type, but Larry Carr, the skipper (later Flight-Lieutenant), gave the engines everything and

One last burst as the blazing bomber plunges . . . one more Me110 written off, then —

tried to lift-off at the first chance.

It wouldn't lift — and Sergeant Carr found himself running out of runway fast. At last the wheels sluggish left the surface and there was a shudder as they crashed through the boundary hedge, sending up a spectacular shower of bushes and twigs in the slipstream.

Sergeant G. H. ("Dixie") Lee, tail-gunner, announced over the inter-com: "I don't suppose

they wanted that hedge anyhow."

Larry Carr, hauling his big bomber up over the dark shapes of the hangars was certain he was going to hit them. Indeed, he tensed himself for the crash. But the Halifax just made it.

Carr found to his relief that

his wheels would still retract

and then climbed up over the distant target.

After crossing the French coast at about 12,000 feet in clear moonlight the crew found very little opposition from either flak or searchlights. Dixie Lee, who was crooning a blues song in his draughty turret, looked all around the vast cavern of the sky — but after a while he stopped singing. Things were altogether too peaceful for his liking.

He said so to the mid-upper gunner, and advised: "Keep your eyes skinned for fighters."

Even as he spoke both gunners spotted a flitting black shape against the moon about 600 yards away. Both yelled "Fighter to starboard. Skipper!" over the inter-com.

At the controls, Larry Carr threw the big bomber into an evasive weaving path and for a few minutes shook off the enemy. But the moon was bright and Dixie suddenly spotted an Me110 diving dead at him out of nowhere. He yelled a second warning and Carr once again flung the great Halifax into a "corkscrew".

Both gunners and the approaching fighter opened fire simultaneously. Then amidst the terrific din of his guns Dixie was suddenly half-blinded by a vivid flash in his turret and felt a sharp pain in his right foot.

The Me's cannon shells had struck home and in a matter of seconds the whole port side of the bomber was a mass of flame when the fighter's guns had raked it.

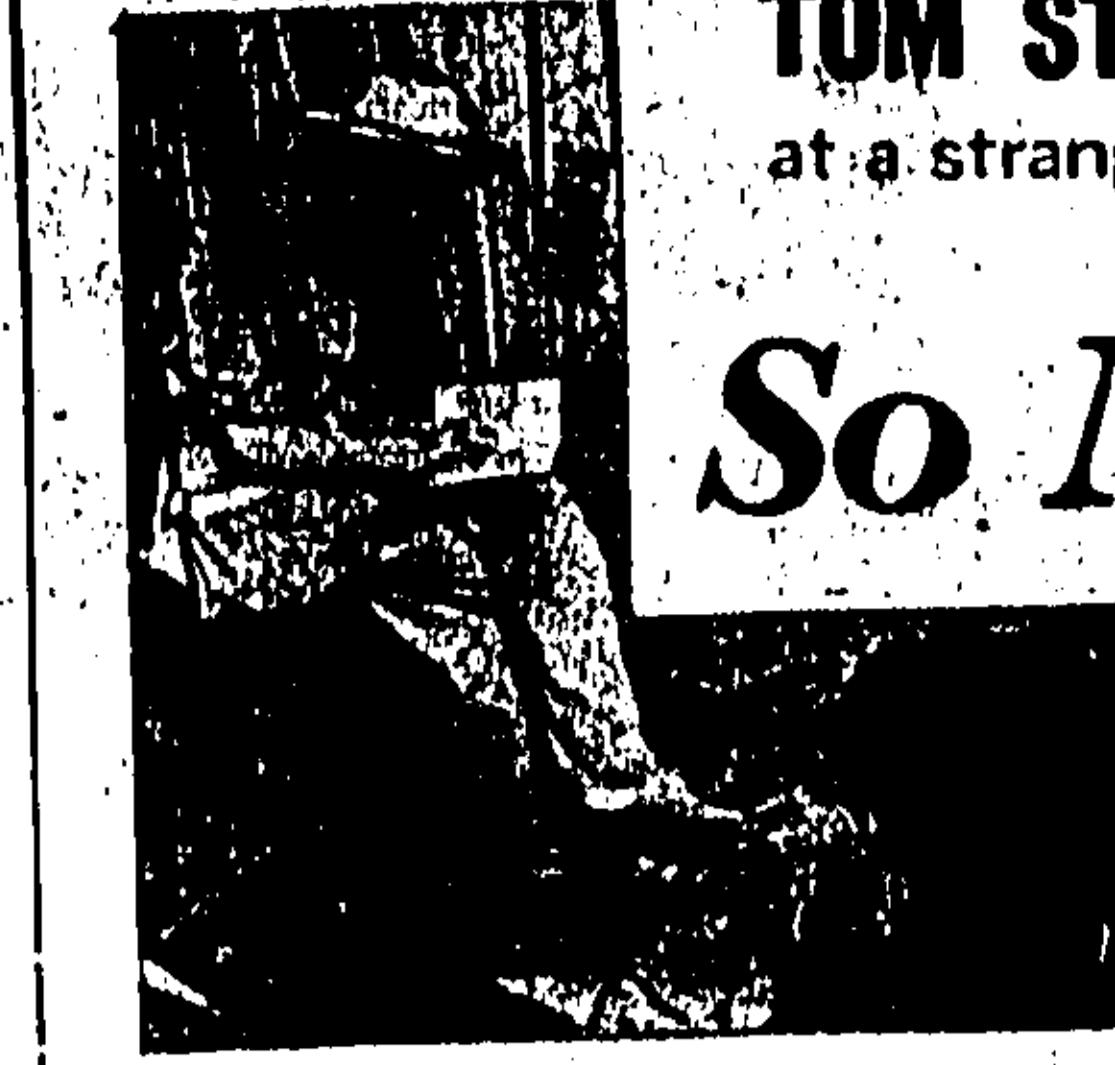
Dixie heard Larry Carr shout an order for the crew to bale out, but as he did so he was spotted another fighter coming in to attack. Although he could only strafe his guns manually — the hydraulics had gone — Dixie saw a big chance of retaliation. The fighter pilot clearly thought that he had an easy target and came in very close to give it a final burst.

Dixie got his sights dead on the approaching machine and yelled in triumph as he saw his burst strike the fighter and produce an instantaneous sheet of flame. By now both the navigator and the second pilot had baled out.

NEXT SATURDAY:
Saved By Instinct



Sergeant Dixie Lee



TOM STACEY, the young explorer, arrives at a strange sanctuary set deep in the green heart of equatorial Africa



So Mrs. EMMA gives me lunch in the jungle

(the egg-fruit came from the garden)

TOM STACEY, who described in a best-seller called "The Hostile Sun" how he discovered an ancient tribe in Malaya, is following the sun again — this time in the heart of Africa. With one African companion he started in the Belgian Congo, and is striking deeper into the jungle. Today's away-from-itself despatch comes from LAMBARENE.

FROM one of the most like a jungle village. This moving, uplifting way even the most timid and backward of tribesmen learn that white man's medicine is not too strange and fearful.

We have just reached the hospital that Albert Schweitzer built Lambarene 200 miles up the Ogooue River, French Equatorial Africa.

Jungle surrounds us. Within it are the tiny villages of the primitive Fang tribe, whom we shall shortly be among.

It was Emma Hausknecht, she, with 35-year-old Dr Emery Percy, a green-eyed Hungarian, runs the show just now.

"Mrs. Emma" has been here longer than anyone else — since 1925. Just 12 years earlier the young scholar-pastor Schweitzer felled his first redwood tree and founded his jungle hospital.

"Dr Schweitzer has created it all," says Mrs. Emma. "But the work is never finished. We do what we can. We cannot do all." There was a hardy, independent devotion in the tired eyes.

I crossed the 500-yard-wide Ogooue in a dug-out from the river-island where the village lies, to Schweitzer's hospital. With me was Erisa, my African companion.

First fact I learned about this hospital was that it is built, as far as possible,

the fine, concrete-based, dining-room. Here I learned my second fact.

Everything in this hospital has been constructed by Schweitzer's own hands, or by staff or patients trained by him.

In the dining-room we met the rest of the white-robed trained staff. Four doctors and eight nurses and sisters, French, Alsatians, Swiss, Dutch, Danish — one Dr Nomura, the lung specialist, from Japan, No Britons.

Mrs. Emma said with a brief French grace. We all tucked into a meal of melon, fried egg-fruit, cucumber, grapefruit, radishes the size of hockey balls, meat balls the size of golf balls. Everything that can be grown in the hospital gardens.

I sat next to Maria Legendy. She comes from Holland. Twenty years ago, still no more than a girl, she learned midwifery in Woolwich. She is a tall, humble woman, tired now after 10 years' incessant work in equatorial Africa.

Last hymn

LATER, when the evening meal at seven had been taken and night had fallen, the staff gathered round the ancient piano, whose yellow keys are worn through to the screws. Mrs. Emma conducted the evening service, Roman Catholic and Protestant alike took part.

The last hymn they chose, singing together in Alsatian, Dr Schweitzer's mother tongue, was "Now All the Forest Rests." They like a touch of melodrama, these men and women of God out in the primeval forest. It is one of their few indulgences.

And it was now that I learned my final fact Schweitzer has not only created this hospital in the jungle. He has sown a seed of courage here which nothing is going to kill.

They're All Asking: Who Is Sylvette?

By Joan Harrison

WHAT is Sylvette? girl who is Picasso's latest model.

She is bilingual. Her mother is English and her father French, the owner of one of Paris's most famous art galleries, Drouot-David.

And she is engaged to be married to 20-year-old Englishman Toby Jellinek.

Four years ago they met at a co-educational school in England. With youthful dreams they planned to wed one day when both had become famous.

And now (half) their dreams are coming true. Sylvette has achieved sudden fame as Picasso's newest and favourite model. And Toby? Well, Toby has at least sold three armchairs of his own design to the famous painter. And he is trying to become a painter.

SCHOOL FRIENDS

Toby had to be fetched away from his studio in Vallauris, a pottery town in the south of France, to talk to me on the telephone.

"Yes," he said, "as soon as we both left school in England about a couple of years ago I followed Sylvette down here. If it weren't for Sylvette I wouldn't be here or trying to paint."

"How did we meet Picasso? It was like this. To earn a living I had been designing and making furniture and ornaments. I designed an armchair and took it along to the pottery store which sells Picasso's work.

The right idea, we think, would be to line up the pursuers and the pursued on a wide green field on the first day of each month.

The pursued would have a hundred yards start before the pursuers were turned loose. The fleet-footed who got to the other side of the field would be declared homefree for another month.

Seeing his landlord red-faced and puffing, even the most heartless tenant might be reconciled to paying the rent...

"Our marriage? Perhaps at

the end of the year when we've saved enough money. It depends on how many armchairs and knick-knacks I sell."

With Les Armour In Britain Today

LOUELLA PARSONS, who retells the private life of Hollywood seven days a week to 40,000,000 readers of 1,000 American newspapers, is on her way back to her parish from London.

Miss Parsons, in London on a private visit, was nevertheless in touch with the Hollywood colony in London. The colony was anxious to please, for Miss Parsons in her own territory is reputed to have the power of a high priestess.

Legend says she can make or break a reputation in a sentence. She says: "People aren't really afraid of me in Hollywood. Why, not even my servants are. I just report what goes on."

Her column has been going on for 30 years now, and the way Hollywood people react to it provides a revelation of life in Hollywood today.

I have been studying that reaction in London. I began at a party given by Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, with whom Louella Parsons has been staying.

Said Ann . . .

MISS PARSONS was spotted by Ann Todd. Ann Todd said: "I have just come from a rehearsal of 'Macbeth.' I'm playing Lady Macbeth for the old Vic. It is . . ."

Louella Parsons said: "Yes, I know. 'Out, damned spot!' I played 'Macbeth' in school once.

Ann Todd said she had just heard from Katharine Hepburn, who was filming in Venice. "Katie says it is very hot in Venice and she has a private chapel in her villa."

"It is hot in the South of France," said Miss Parsons. "We have sent my maid to Paris. Do you suppose the weather will be nice there?"

Not known! . . .

SHE changed the subject. "Have you seen my daughter's film, 'Susan Slept Here?' Harriet made that (Harriet Parsons is a producer) and I'm glad, it is big success. I tried to see it here, but all the seats had gone.

"I said I was Louella Parsons, but they didn't know me. Then I said I was the producer's mother and they let me in. Wait until I tell Harriet that, she will be pleased. It is sometimes difficult for a girl with a famous mother to make good on her own."

I arranged to meet Louella Parsons next day to visit a film studio. When I called in the morning she said the producer of "The End of the Affair" at the studio was coming himself with a car. He was a man called David Lewis — there had been some confusion with our names.

Mr. Lewis went in with an apology. "Louella darling," he said, "They have given me the small car. I asked for the big one for you, but they sent a small car. Do you mind? I can order the small car away, and

one of those big new factories on the outskirts of town.

What happens in the laboratories there will be anybody's guess.

New formulae for puppy biscuits will be forced down the unwilling throats of the human guinea-pigs, and their reactions carefully noted. Particularly wacky specimens will be fed enormous quantities of condition powders.

From there it's a short step to artificially inducing hard-pad and distemper into the human wretches.

But there's a gleam of hope. Britain and the British being what they are, you can bet someone will start an anti-vivisection society for suffering humanity, there will doubtless be a well patronised Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Men and Women and a campaign of protest meetings — all organised, of course, by suitably-dictated, well-intentioned things.

Now in this modern age can shock yours truly. Innovation is one thing... But this is revolution.

Everyone knows that experiments are carried out on dogs BEFORE being applied to humans. Not the other way about.

Anyone—and this includes several million Londoners—who has had his heart-strings tugged by the reproachful glance of the tortoise in the anti-vivisection ads, accepts this as axiomatic.

Dear old ladies die and leave considerable fortunes to be used in a campaign against carrying out experiments on dogs BEFORE they're tried on men and women.

It's pretty clear that the medical men who perpetrated this new turnabout had little idea of the enormity of what they were doing.

The possibilities thus opened up are to say the least, alarming.

It doesn't take too much imagination to visualise the eventual setting up of human dog-pounds where citizens who can't find their way home—or don't have any—will be locked up in wire cages.

To these pounds will come research men from the big concerns that supply the dog shops. A procession planes around the pound inmates, a word to the keeper, and a half dozen helpers — humans, will be numbered

cool without seeking an official refusal from the manager? The horrid jams of customers flocking to the place would probably force the management to send for the police.

The matter cuts to the very spine of society.

It is not the practical inconvenience of the thing—the unswerving discovery that clichés posted on Monday may even be dashed on Monday and such like—that matters.

It is the principle.

For what is to become of the world if "official channels" are disregarded?

If a postman, collecting letters from a box and discovering that he must pass one or more of the addresses on the way back to the sorting office, takes it upon himself to deliver them there is not telling how many may thus be thrown out of work.

Moreover, the supervisory staff, thus discovering that there is really no need for them to supervise, cannot help but have their feelings hurt.

Transferred out of the postal realm, however, the matter becomes deadly serious.

Suppose diplomatic Notes were dealt with on the spot by wayward ambassadors instead of being referred back to the outside world. What might happen to us if they show up in person to be labour us for lampooning official channels?

At first sight, the right approach would seem to be a suggestion that the underworld and other sections of the pursued should occasionally nominate one among their number to present himself to the pursuers. The "sacrifice" would be spread about appropriately so that no undue burden would fall upon any one, and the pursued would agree to restrict themselves to these easy catches.

Yet that, somehow, takes all the glamour out of the thing. It becomes cut and dried and there would all too soon be a government department to organise the matter.

The right idea, we think, would be to line up the pursuers and the pursued on a wide green field on the first day of each month.

The pursued would have a hundred yards start before the pursuers were turned loose. The fleet-footed who got to the other side of the field would be declared homefree for another month.

Indeed, there may be wayward citizens who will hold that such expeditious delivery to the outside world will probably be forced out of business?

And, suppose when you went to a restaurant and ordered something not on the menu, the waiter took it upon himself to negotiate the thing with the plain clothes policeman there

JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins

David Lawin

FOR YOUR RECORD: Louella Parsons is a wonderful woman.

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Models From Autumn Dress Show



Norman Hartnell, one of London's top fashion designers, held his autumn dress show in London this month. Here are three models from the collection:

Left to Right:

"WINDSOR FORENT"—A green wrap-over travel coat cut on straight lines with interesting lapel detail, repeated on the cuffs. The model also wears a primrose felt bonnet hat.

"THE GREYS"—A classic grey suit in fine wool, with draped hip-pockets. Worn with a finely-striped bow-tie shirt and hat trimmed with white feathers.

"CAD"—A two-piece in two-toned brown striped wool. The straight-cut dress has a three-quarter length topcoat fastening with four buttons.

NOW FASHION GOES TRAVEL-CONSCIOUS

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

"GOING away on holi-day?" cry the travel agents, tempting us with technical posters of far-away places where the sun blazes.

"Going away on holiday?" echo the fashion designers, tempting us with holiday clothes featuring new styles and colours.

Dismising the improbable—who wants a natty little number like that Hawaiian grass skirt from a Paris boutique anyway?—let's take a look at what designers think up for holiday clothes.

First, they suggest that holidays are the time when you can wear stylish clothes that would look out of place at home.

Following up this idea, you can go gay with a beach jacket of red towelling printed with spots the size of grapefruits, and

a cone-shaped straw hat with a yard-long tassel. And you won't be over-dressing. Similarly, you can wear the latest jeans—nicknamed "knickerbocker stories"—in vividly-striped denim, or eye-catching "Picasso" prints.

Second, that heavy items like the strong shoes required for a walking holiday need not be a dead weight in your suitcase.

That sounds like a contradiction, but a British manufacturer, with a foresight that will

lighten the pack of walkers everywhere, has just produced a pair of strong shoes that weigh only seven ounces. They have light suede uppers and the new multi-cellular rubber sole.

Third, that cotton is the most practical material on the market. Sersucker, malacca, plique, voile—these are the types of cotton women choose for a holiday in a hot climate. These cottons won't crease too much in packing and they will probably survive a holiday wash without needing to be ironed.



All very true, but women soon discovered its weak point. Nylon, a non-porous material, is unbearably uncomfortable in hot weather, as anybody living in the tropics knows. That is why women have swung back to the old faithful—cotton—for their holiday wardrobes this year.

These uncrushable fabrics,

like cotton sersucker, may come up smiling at the end of a long journey, but that is more than we do ourselves sometimes.

The way to feel fresh when you reach your destination—and not us if you have been dragged there unwillingly—is to do

running repairs to your makeup.

Simplest method of keeping well-groomed on a long journey is to have a small tin of pads saturated with makeup remover.

Cleanse face all over with one of these, then dust on the now all-in-one powder and foundation.



Another thing to remember—avoid having too many bits and pieces of luggage. Carrying them from place to place and keeping track of them is tiring.

Pack everything into one large suitcase and take a hold-all for the journey.

Hair is best kept to a short, easily managed style. On a

voyage, keep it tidy by tying it up with a scarf. But don't tie the scarf peasant fashion with the ends knotted under the chin. Nothing looks so dull and unoriginal as this. Instead, knot the scarf ends in the nape of the neck.

If, towards the end of the

holiday, your hair looks the

worse for sand and sea-water, you can do something for it.

All you need is a bottle of hair tonic and a medicine dropper.

Make puffs all over the head,

applying the hair tonic with the dropper as you do. Then massage the scalp for a few minutes.

Surplus tonic can be absorbed by a hairbrush covered with a

piece of silk.

—HILIN POLLITT

Are You Proud Of Your Breakfast Face?

THE "before breakfast" face is a common grief. Few women, or so they complain, are natural beauties. With sleep still in their eyes, traces of cold cream on their faces, hair filled with curlers, they just don't look lovely. Add a drab, tired-looking housedress and the horror picture's complete.

Some women just relax and accept this fact. They wear that "before breakfast" face until mid-afternoon. The children see Mom looking awful. So does Dad. So do any trades people who call at the door to deliver laundry, dry cleaning, groceries or papers.

We wonder how women can let themselves go in this fashion. It takes so little time to remove make-up, to remove curlers and comb hair. As for housedresses, a housewife owes it to herself to have a few fresh, bright ones that

★ STARTING TODAY: A new series with a challenge for every woman—and her husband

LONELY WIVES

First—How Often Do You Say, "I'm Bored"?

By Eileen Ascroft

LONELINESS. It is the most poignant problem of our age. We find lonely wives in childless luxury flats, where every labour-saving device leaves women with too much time on their hands.

Young mothers, busy enough with housework and bringing up their children, are still starved for companionship.

Older women, whose families are grown up and have left home, become depressed. After an active and responsible life, they feel unwanted and friendless.

Most tragic of all the lonely wives is the one whose husband has grown cool and bored through familiarity. The reasons for his neglect may differ. Perhaps he has become too engrossed in his business interest. Or he may be seeking more entertaining company outside the home.

For each group of lonely wives I shall be making practical suggestions for increasing their zest for living and their happiness.

Today I am concerned with the case of the woman who has too much time on her hands.

Chief cause of her loneliness is the break-up of the family unit.

Common Heartcries

In Victorian times when several generations lived together under one roof, there was company for young and old. The only child was a rarity. Old people were welcome in the homes of their children or younger relations. Houses were more complicated to run and there was plenty of work to keep several women occupied happily together.

Today, with labour-saving gadgets and children frequently away at boarding school, many women find themselves spending hours alone each day with nothing to do.

They are in danger of organising their homes so

efficiently that work and leisure alike lose their flavour.

"I'm frankly bored," "I don't know what to do with my time," "I feel so useless," are common heartcries today. And they come from women of very different backgrounds.

An afternoon shopwindow-gazing, listening to the radio with your feet up, visiting a cinema or giving a tea party, is

fun for the busy working girl. It is a change from routine. But as a daily occupation it can be really boring.

The answer to this wife's loneliness is a new interest outside the home. There are all kinds of interesting part-time occupations and jobs for married women.

But the decision to take a part-time job can cause many awkward problems in the home.

Some husbands are sensitive about their wives working. They feel it is a reflection on their own earning capacity.

There are elements of jealousy, too. The husband may be nervous about his wife's contacts and friendship made outside the home. Or he may fear that you will become less absorbed in your home—and in spoiling him—if you have outside interests. There is often a king-of-the-castle streak about even the meekest of mates.

Tact Will Work

How can you overcome these husbandly objections to your going outside the home to work either part- or full-time? You can do it by tact. But do not let it lead to argument and hard feelings.

NEVER mention the fun you hope to have in your new interest. If he dotes on you, his jealous reactions will be aroused.

NEVER mention the money you hope to earn. Nothing is more calculated to make male hackles rise.

MONDAY: The Neglected Wife

I understand this problem all too well. When I married, I left my job and settled down to housekeeping for two years.

But a good housekeeper and a well-run house left me too much time. My inactivity soon began to make me depressed.

Because I have an understanding and tolerant husband, he himself suggested the solution, and sent me back to the work I know and love.

TUESDAY-WEDNESDAY-THURSDAY

NEXT WEEK

TUESDAY—WEDNESDAY—THURSDAY

SENSATIONS!!!

at

TYEBS

For details see tomorrow's Sunday Post-Herald.



THE LITTLE PACKET THAT ARRIVED IN TIME

"I'd given up all hope of going to the dance, because it was one of those awkward days. Then, by the afternoon post, came that little sample packet of Tampax. The difference was so amazing—such comfort—such security—such cleanliness—I changed my mind, and had a wonderful evening at the dance. I just didn't know I was wearing Tampax at all!"

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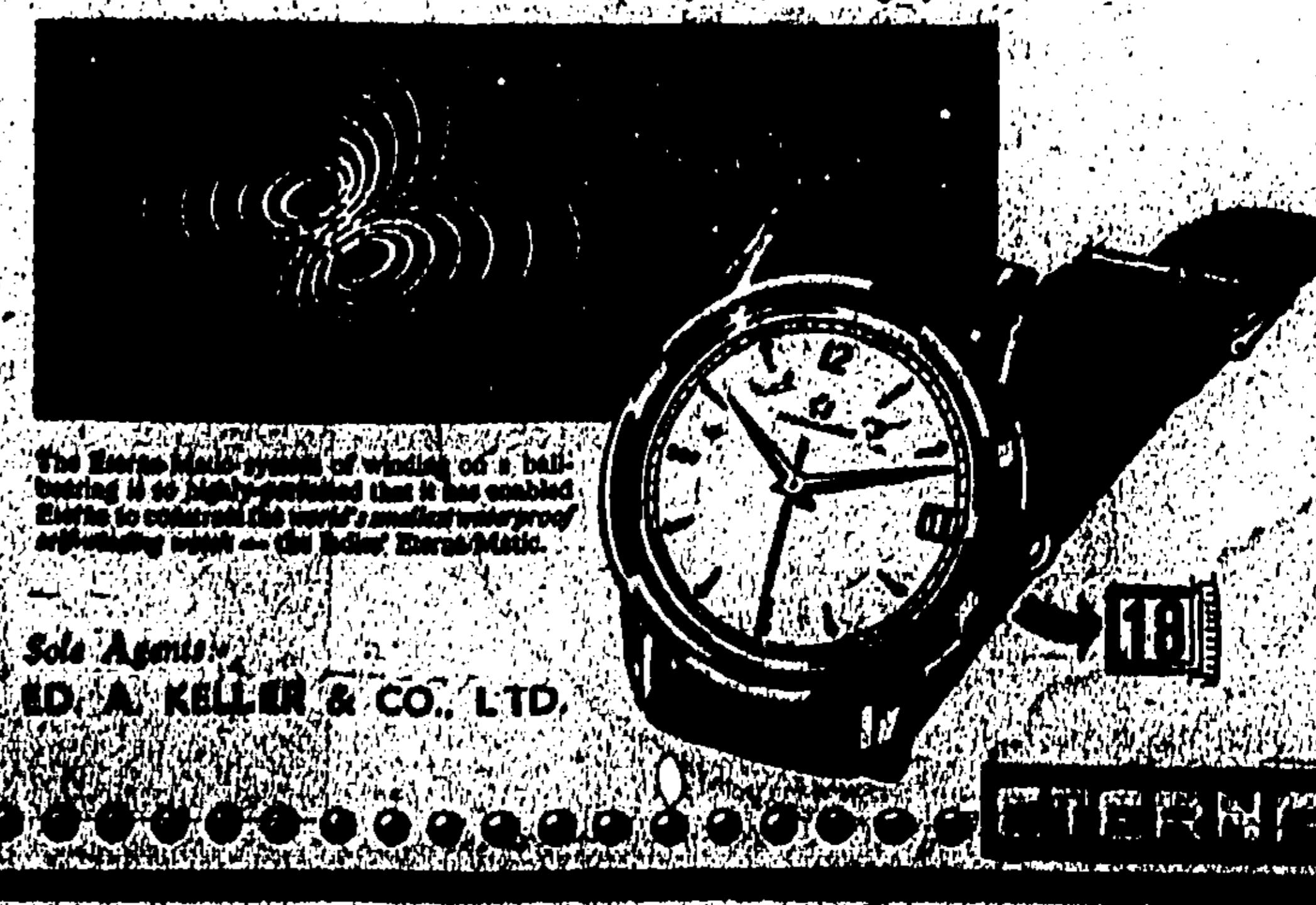
Reporters the world over have spontaneously acclaimed it...

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DATO'

The first self-winding Calendar watch on a ball-bearing.

Eterna offers you a self-winding watch of two-fold value—not only does it tell you the time, second by second, but it records the date, day by day. This new Eterna-Matic gives final and decisive proof of the exceptional merit of automatic winding on a ball-bearing. The 5 microscopic steel balls in the Eterna ball-bearing are absolutely unbreakable. Better still, instead of wearing out—as a "staff" does—this bearing (which is no bigger than a pin's head) is self-polishing, thus its winding efficiency increases as it works. Needless to say, this constant automatic winding of the movement has a decisive influence on the accuracy of the watch and, at the same time, enables it to accumulate a power-reserve of 44 hours. This amazing performance has so impressed leading New York reporters that they have spontaneously declared that the Eterna-Matic "eliminates" all previous winding systems.



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MEMBERS of the Northumberland and Durham Association had a good time when they went to Aberdeen last week for a fish supper aboard one of the floating restaurants. Above: Some of the ladies being helped from the sampan ferry. Right: One of the parties. From left: Mr J. G. Oliver, Mr J. C. B. Slack, Mr T. A. Shurlock, Mr F. K. Pattinson, Mrs J. R. Carr, Mr J. R. Carr, Mrs F. K. Pattinson, Mr T. Mahon, Mrs K. Baker, Mr K. Baker and Mrs T. Mahon. (Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken at the dinner party given last week by Mrs Tan Siong Kee of Djakarta in honour of the Indonesian Consul-General in Hongkong and Mrs Taribdin Suriauwina.



HIS Excellency the Officer Administering the Government, Mr. R. B. Black, arriving for the cocktail party given aboard the new Messageries Maritimes motor ship, Laos, on Monday. On the right is Captain Jean Barthélémy. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Kenneth, son of Mr and Mrs Hoo Tjo-yeong, and Angelina, daughter of Mr and Mrs David K. L. Yung, photographed at their engagement party.



LEFT: Officers of the Hongkong Football Club, elected at the annual meeting last week. Seated in centre is the Hon. M. W. Turner, President. On extreme right seated is Mr J. Henderson, Chairman. (Staff Photographer)

HAPPY group at the wedding of Mr John Harcourt Gould and Miss Patricia Margaret Booth, which took place at St John's Cathedral last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



MR. Leonard-Henry Dismore, the new British Consul-in-Macao, with Mrs Dismore and their five children. Picture was taken during their short stay in Hongkong before leaving for Macao. (Staff Photographer)



BETWEEN: Group-photo taken at the second reunion dinner of teachers taking part in the Biology Teachers' Training Course at the Hongkong University. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT, above: Mr Leung Min-to and his bride, Miss Lai Yin-yeo, drink with the guests at their wedding banquet, held in the Kwong Chow Restaurant. (Staff Photographer)

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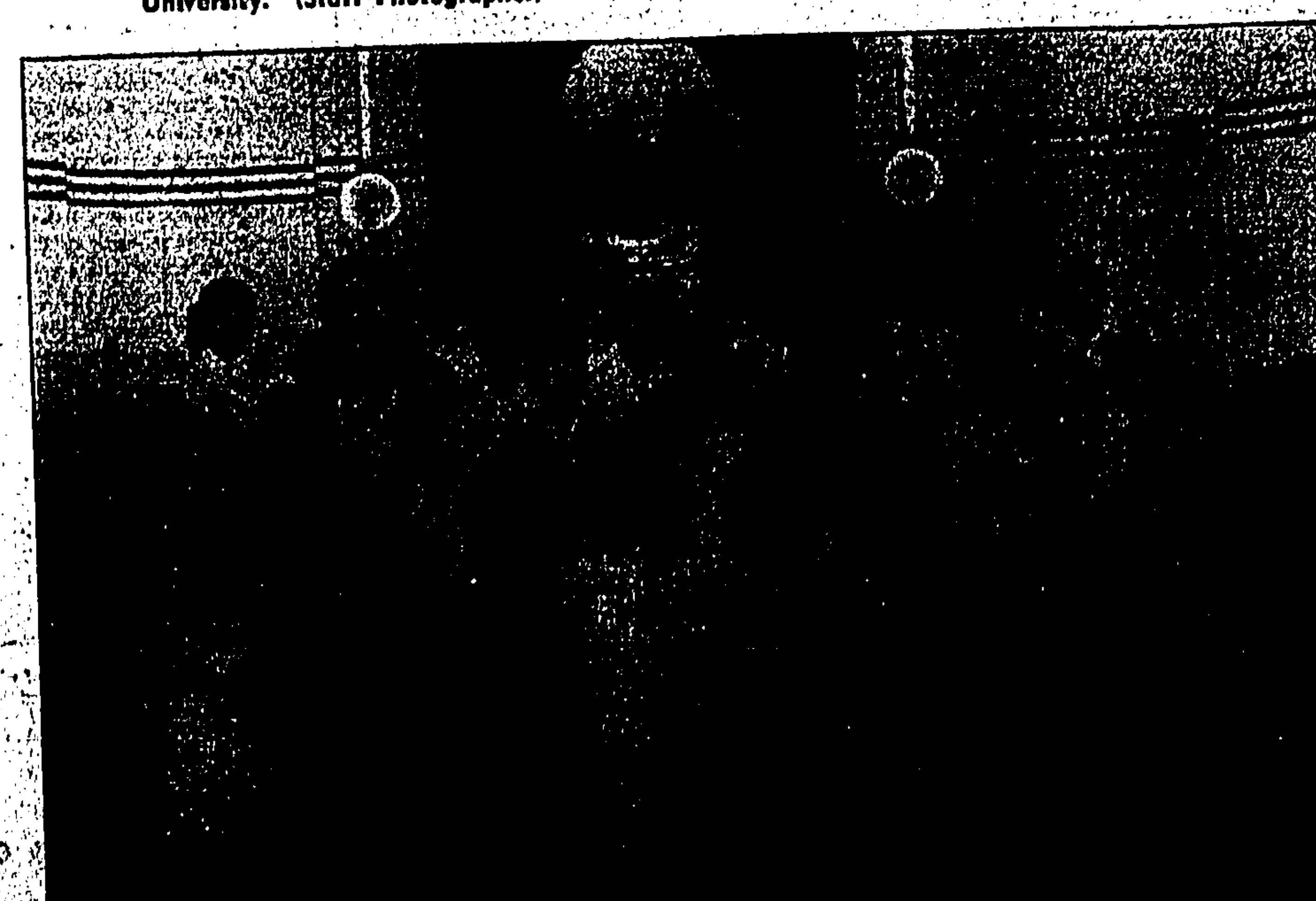
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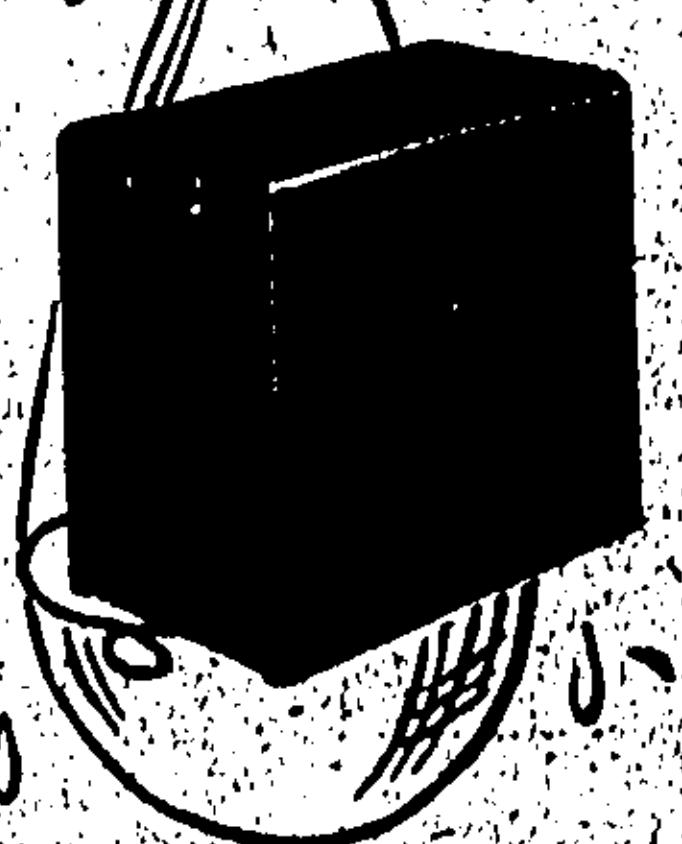
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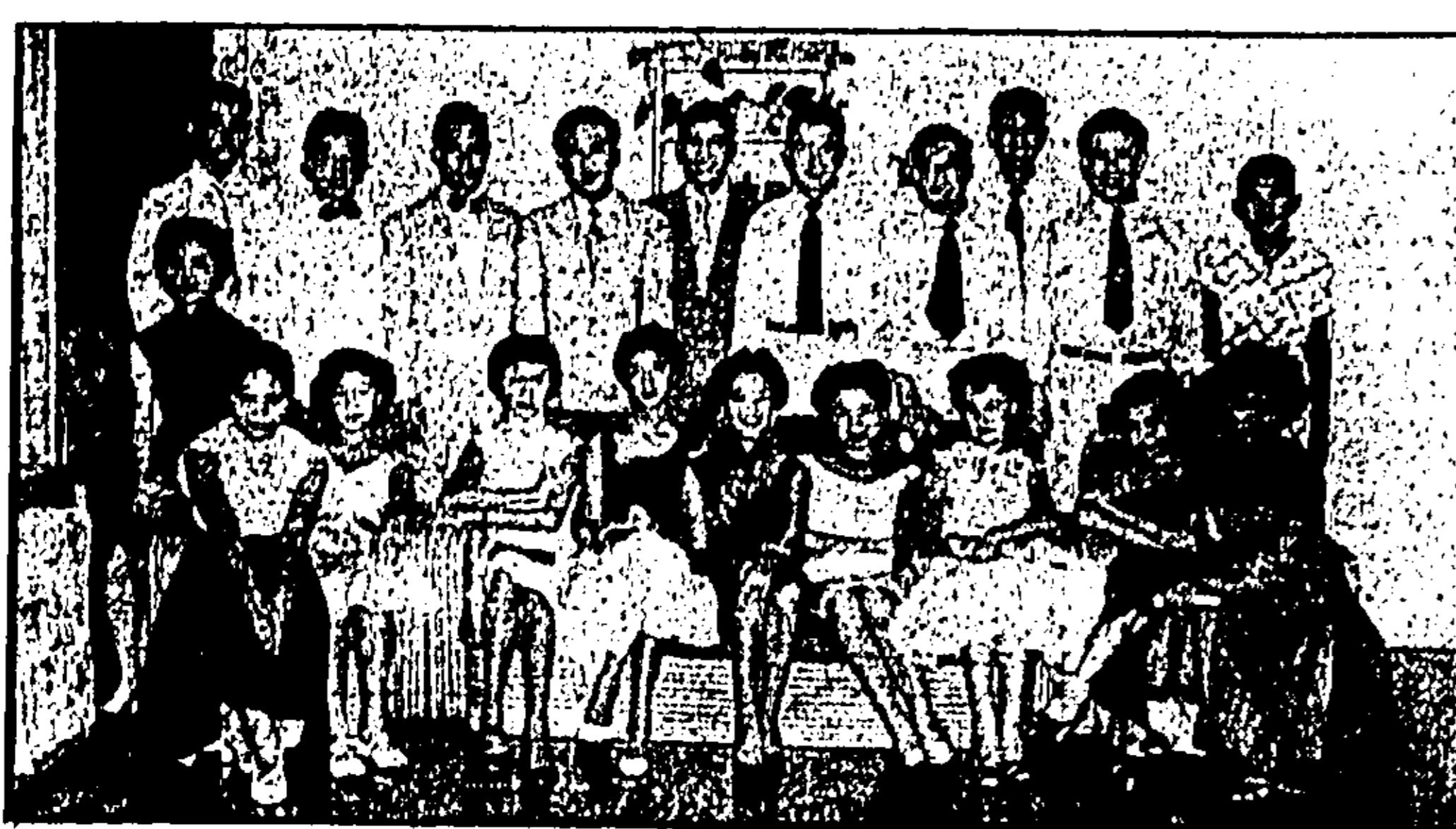
MR and Mrs J. Cross with their baby, christened Marie Louise Jacqueline at St John's Cathedral last Sunday (Staff Photographer)



THE Commander, British Forces, Lt.-Gen. C. S. Sugden, signs the visitors' book after opening the new Church of Scotland Canton at Sek Kong on Tuesday. (Staff Photographer)



SCENES at last Saturday's informal dance held by the Officers' Club at the United Services Recreation Club. Chinese dinner was served, and in lower picture may be seen (from left) Miss Merritt, Capt. D. Piper, Mrs Piper, Miss Daphne Merritt, Mr Rufus Meard and Major Merritt. (Staff Photographer)



MISS Cynthia Ma, daughter of Mr and Mrs Ronald Ma, pictured with friends who attended her birthday party on Monday.



DR Theodore Hsi-en Chen, former President of the Fukien Christian University, addressing alumni of the University who entertained him to dinner at the Four Seas Hotel this week. (Staff Photographer)



THE Rev. Fr C. Orlando officiates at the christening of Nicholas Peter, son of Lieutenant and Mrs W. N. Wishall, at St Teresa's Church. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Hongkong clergy who participated in the ordination on Tuesday of the Rev. Andrew Wing Cheung-ping, (seated third from left), the Rev. James George Froud and the Rev. Yu Mou-hsi (third and second from right). (Staff Photographer)

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SCENES at last Sunday's attack exercise by the Hongkong Royal Engineers at the OAO. Mr E. D. Black, who watched the exercise, is seen looking over a wall in great high-spirited interest. Lower right: Resting their tired bodies after a hard day's training.

MACKINTOSH'S
SALE
IS
WORTH
WAITING FOR.

TUESDAY
and
WEDNESDAY

THE PRICES ENSURE A
CLEARANCE IN 2 DAYS

Some particulars are on page 5 but
see the windows over the week-end.

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PRECIOUS STONE INITIALS

IN 18 CARAT GOLD, PLATINUM TOP

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Can be applied to enhance and personalize your valuable jewellery and trinkets, including brooches, rings, ear-rings, compacts, cigarette cases, cuff links, etc.

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Do not let it spread!
Be free from the start
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CAFASPIN BAYER

PRETTY KITCHEN CABINETS

KITCHEN cabinets are more attractive than ever, improved with sliding doors, rounded corners, with see-through glass panels and adjustable shelves. They are done in new plastics as well as painted wood and natural wood. Such cabinets need more attention than simply going over them with a cleaning cloth, or just dabbing away at finger marks.

Painted wood cabinets need special care. Some women get out the scrubbing brush and give painted surfaces a going over. And after the job is done, the paint does look clean, but it also looks mighty dull. Scrubbing with harsh abrasives will dull the gloss and make proper cleaning progressively harder. A cloth wrung out of sudsy water may whisk off the marks, especially if you make it a practice to wipe all cabinet doors each day as you do the dishes.

Regular liquid polishing does a spiffy job, but if you like kitchen wax, use that instead. Water won't damage the wood or its lustre, so wipe off sticky smudges with a clean damp cloth or a sponge wrung out of warm sudsy water, then wipe dry thoroughly, giving the wood a buffing as you dry it to restore the gloss. Takes but a minute, but it will keep the cabinet's ornamental as well as useful.

—Eleanor Ross

TREATMENT FOR ACNE

By Herman N. Bundesen, MD

A DOLESCENCE without acne is a rare thing. There are few teen-agers without at least a few pimples.

Many adolescents, however, develop many pimples or acne of the face along with extensive involvement.

Also, this condition is by no means limited to adolescence. It may be seen in women going through the menopause, and in young children before they enter adolescence.

VARYING INTENSITY

The severity of the acne varies greatly from person to person. Some believe that this disease is outgrown. This is by no means certain. It is not uncommon to see some persons in the late twenties or thirties with acne.

The ideal cure for acne is one

that does not cause any physical scarring or emotional injury.

Adolescents with pimples are apt to become very self-conscious and distressed with their problem.

This infection usually begins with the development of what is known as the "oily nose of adolescence". Then, face pimples which may form pus appear, and eventually acne cysts may form, often occurring in the openings of the oil glands or the hair follicles.

A person with acne should watch his diet.

Carbonated drinks and chocolate in all forms may be harmful. Milk and nuts should be limited.

Restriction of sodium intake is also important because sodium, it

is believed, stimulates acne. Limiting fat and sweets also helps.

VITAMIN A USED

The use of Vitamin A has helped many cases of acne. Large doses of this vitamin must be taken, however, and therefore should be given under the direction of a physician.

In certain persons, female hormones may be of help.

The basic drugs that should be applied to most cases of acne are ointments containing sulphur and resorcin. These drugs in various forms of salves can help most cases. Ultra-violet rays and mild sunbathing are also helpful.

For a person with acne should be applied to the skin directly.

JAPANESE PAPER

novelties cost little and make walls—which are burlap-covered and don't show nail marks—very decorative.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

If grease is spilled on rubber or asphalt tile, if it is dusted with an oil mop, or if a burlap type was is used on it, the colour will run. Always use a self-polishing wax on rubber or asphalt tile floors.

For a perfect dustcloth, the will pick up dirt readily and leave no smudges and will clean up in a solution of six parts water and one part ammonia. Allow to dry thoroughly before use.

When cane chairs seats begin to wane, smear them with hot water and a solution of six parts water and one part ammonia.

Allow to dry thoroughly before use.

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

SUMMER BUFFET SPECIALS

By ALICE DENHOFF

IT wouldn't be summertime without a little buffet entertaining—a meal that is easy on both hostess and guests.

A modified smorgasbord is one idea that many hostess find most successful.

For this Swedish specialty serve a typical meat dish, jellied meat loaf.

It is a wonderful choice for summer luncheons.

It is suitable for the main dish of dinner, too, if served with a hot dish.

This might be a piping hot vegetable and hot rolls, and for dessert, fresh fruit and cookies.

COLOURFUL SEASONING

For a jellied meat loaf that is colourfully flecked with bright red pimento and snap-ply flavoured with pickle relish and onion, use 2 c. ground cooked beef, veal or pork. Soak tbsp. plain gelatin in 1/4 c. cold water, then dissolve in 1 1/2 c. boiling hot meat broth. Add tsp. salt and 2 tbsp. lemon juice. Cool. When mixture begins to jell, add 2/3 tsp. onion juice, 2 tbsp. chopped pimento, 1/4 c. each sweet pickle relish and chopped celery and the meat.

Rinse loaf pan in cold water.

Slice one hard-cooked egg, and arrange slices in bottom of pan.

Pour a little of the meat mixture over the egg slices and allow to harden. Then add remaining meat mixture. Place in refrigerator to firm. Serves 6 to 8.

By the way, this jellied veal makes marvellous sandwich meat.

Home Is What She Made It

By Joan O'Sullivan

NEED any walls knocked down, furniture constructed, fireplaces built?

Lilli Ann Killen is the girl for the job. She looks like a slim, freckle-faced, typical teen. Don't be deceived! The feminine Miss Killen, actually and unbelievably in her twenties, is (from a work point of view) handywoman to have around the house than any man we ever heard of.

Take Miss Killen's apartment—and no one but Lilli Ann would have taken it in its original state. On the second floor of an ancient synagogue on New York's lower east side, the rooms were used for the making of sacramental wines. Walls, encrusted with mashed grapes and badly stained, had a fermented fragrance.

DESSERT PANCAKES

For dessert, serve paper thin Swedish pancakes spread with fruit preserves and rolled in powdered sugar, and perhaps something more hearty, such as cheesecake. For the waistline watchers, serve wafer cookies and fresh fruit or fruited gelatin desserts.

To prepare the jellied veal for 6 to 8 servings, use 3 lbs. veal, chuck, breast or neck.

Wipe meat with damp cloth and place in kettle. Cover with boiling water and boil 5 min.

Skim. Reduce heat and simmer, covered, for about 2 hrs. or until meat is very tender, adding salt and pepper when done.

Remove meat from bones and put through food chopper with 1 slice onion and 1 stalk celery. Return to stock and cook until thick but moist, stirring constantly.

Add 2 tbsp. finely chopped parsley. Pack in loaf pan and chill thoroughly. Unmould and cut in slices for serving.

By the way, this jellied veal makes marvellous sandwich meat.

As for decorating, Lilli Ann believes in do-it-yourself—and on a shoestring.

As for decorating, Lilli Ann believes in do-it-yourself—and on a shoestring.

Behind The Draperies

Her entrance hall is more than that—it serves as a dressing room and storage area. One wall is draped with gay yellow fabric. Behind the drapes you'll find three storage units. One holds a dresser, hooks for her belts, shelves for cosmetics and her handbags. A second serves as a clothes closet; a third has shelves for linens and a big clothes hamper. The window here, like the others in the apartment, is covered with translucent plastic. "It lets the light come in," Lilli Ann explained, "but it doesn't permit people to see in."

The huge living-bedroom shows her talent, too. Walls are covered with burlap, for texture as well as camouflage. Hung like wallpaper, it has still another advantage: it doesn't show nail marks, making it possible to change picture hangings and wall ornaments around at will.

Huge Room Divider

The prize furnishing is a huge room divider designed and made by Lilli Ann.

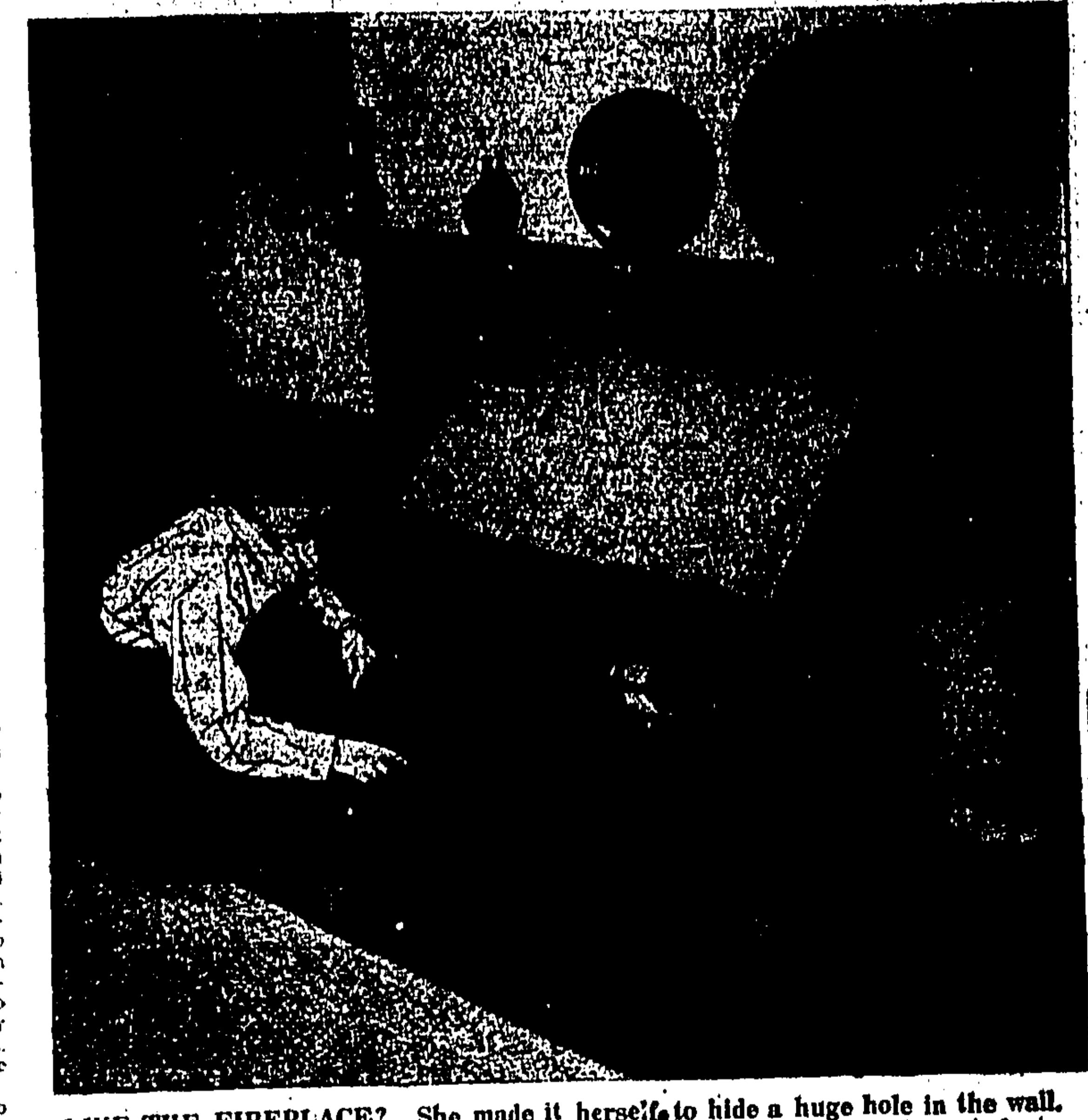
One side of the divider has a low bench which serves as a coffee table or a cutting board for serving. A sofa stands on the other side of the divider.

"It's not really a sofa," Lilli Ann confided. "It's my bed."

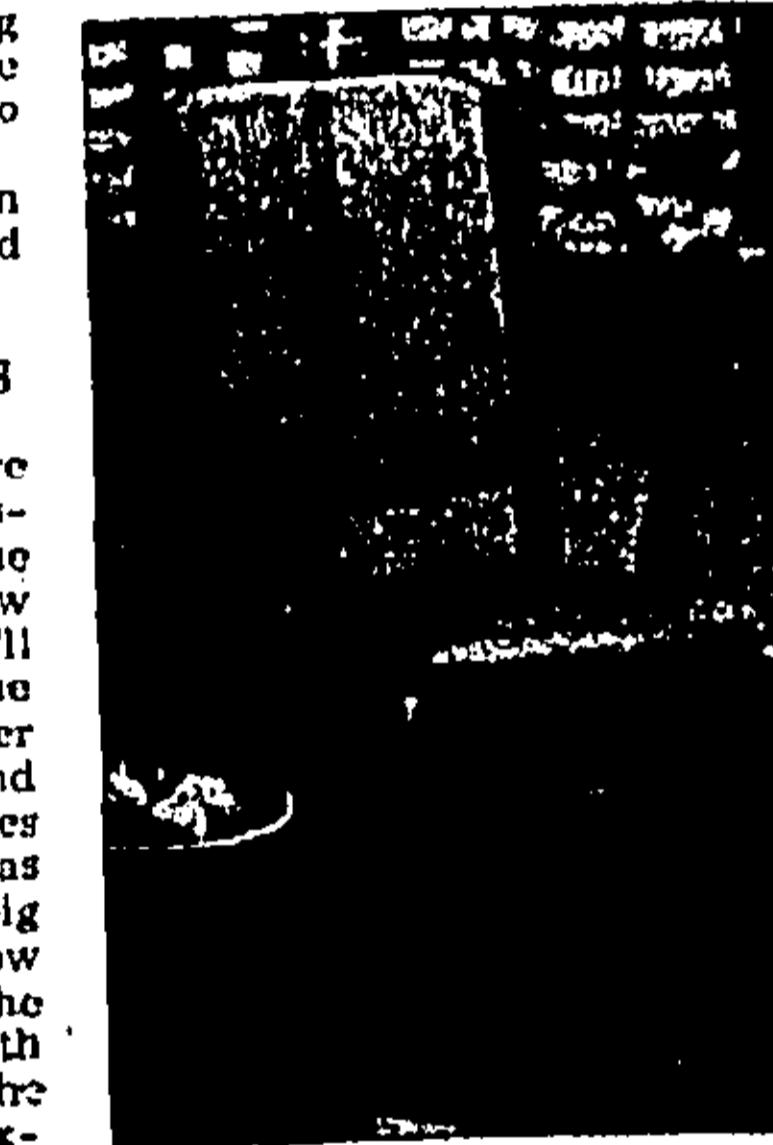
That's only part of the apartment. She's also made wonderful lampshades with Japanese rice paper; removed the spring seat and back of an old chair and wrapped twine round and round the frame to make a new and comfortable chair;

installed a bamboo blind to cover an odds and ends closet; built bookcases; put sliding doors on an over-desk shelf and used rice paper to make a panel below the shelf that conceals lighting bulbs and looks exactly like frosted glass.

Home is what Lilli Ann's made it, and that's a very attractive place indeed. It's no wonder her students at the Settlement think teacher's pretty special. She certainly is!



LIKE THE FIREPLACE? She made it herself to hide a huge hole in the wall. Lilli Ann Killen uses the mantel to display pottery made by her students.



JAPANESE PAPER novelties cost little and make walls—which are burlap-covered and don't show nail marks—very decorative.

DUTCH BABY



TREATMENT FOR ACNE

By Herman N. Bundesen, MD

A DOLESCENCE without acne is a rare thing. There are few teen-agers without at least a few pimples.

Many adolescents, however, develop many pimples or acne of the face along with extensive involvement.

Also, this condition is by no means limited to adolescence. It may be seen in women going through the menopause, and in young children before they enter adolescence.

VARYING INTENSITY

The severity of the acne varies greatly from person to person. Some believe that this disease is outgrown. This is by no means certain. It is not uncommon to see some persons in the late twenties or thirties with acne.

The ideal cure for acne is one

that does not cause any physical scarring or emotional injury.

Adolescents with pimples are apt to become very self-conscious and distressed with their problem.

This infection usually begins with the development of what is known as the "oily nose of adolescence".

Then, face pimples which may form pus appear, and eventually acne cysts may form, often occurring in the openings of the oil glands or the hair follicles.

A person with acne should

watch his diet.

Carbonated drinks and chocolate in all forms may be harmful.

Milk and nuts should be limited.

Restriction of sodium intake is also important because sodium, it



SELLING ROMANCE TO PARIS

By James Mayo

IT'S happened! London is exporting romance to Paris! Heather Jenner, Britain's No. 1 marriage-bureau expert, has started a branch on the boulevards—and business is booming.

Frenchmen, it seems, are no longer quite so keen on marrying French girls. French girls, in their turn, have a hankering for Englishmen...while English girls are crazy over French husbands.

Why this matrimonial tangle? There was a gleam in Heather's green eyes when I put the problem to her.

BUTTERFLY TYPE

"French girls say their own men are too much the butterfly type. They believe Englishmen are more solid and dependable—but I won't say what I think about that one!"

"Our English men clients seem to think French girls can run the house better than the girls they meet at home," she said. "They feel they will not only make good hostesses, but will help them in their careers."

"Lots of French girls tell me they are attracted by the English countryside. Others say English husbands are the kindest in the world, and don't expect their wives to be slaves!"

"One Englishman said he wanted a French wife 'because after a long walk in the rain she would come back looking just as lovely.' But there—it's always the men, whatever their nationality, who worry about good looks."

"During the war 'Utility' girls were all the rage; husband-hunters had to be practical. But nowadays looks are what count. You can't get away with a shiny nose just by being good at scrambling eggs."

"With girls it is just the reverse. They never seem to bother whether a man is handsome or otherwise; it's companionship and affection they are looking for."

FAMILY AFFAIR

How do husband or bride-hunters in Paris compare with Heather's Mayfair clients?

"They couldn't be more different," she said.

"Hero in France it's a regular family affair. They sit down and talk it over together—then the client's mother or sister comes along to see us."

"In Britain it's just the other way about. Customers whisper 'Be sure to mark the envelope "Personal," with my full initials, or somebody at home will get hold of it!'

"I think the French attitude is so much more sensible and concise in every way."

"A Frenchwoman will say, 'I have a daughter to marry. Her trouousse will be such and such; she will have this much money, this much furniture. She likes Italian opera and historical novels.'

AVGAGE AGE

"Whereas so many English clients just talk vaguely about their prospects and waffle about culture!"

What is the average age for French girl clients? Twenty-eight. "If she has not found a husband by then she starts to get into a panic—and so do her family," said Heather.

With her partner at the Paris Bureau, a swarthy, short-haired Juliette Marchal, Heather has already launched two dozen romances.

"Forty, and the mother of a girl and boy, Heather didn't meet her own husband through a bureau—but claims she'd be glad to take her own daughter as a client."

"Whether it's London or Paris, people go to a marriage bureau knowing they want to get married, and what sort of partner they want," she said. "Taking it that way is far better than just trusting to instinct."

IS THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE OUT OF DATE?

By William Barkley

I CALL attention to a novel research which is going to be made into the written form of the English language. It is too early to go into details. Plans are still in process of formulation and I warn that they will take years to show results. But if things go as I think they will I predict results of very great importance.

For the first time in the history of the most widespread language on earth, a major educational authority in England is beginning to make a scientific study of the use of the language in schools.

This is the Institute of Education, a branch of London University. Its director is Dr Bruce Patterson, who is London University's Professor of English as a Foreign Language, a striking title. At this time of year, in the off-season, he controls a vocational course for foreigners which is attended by 220 students. They come from 35 different countries—Iceland to Sudan, Germany to Nigeria and Indonesia—and nearly all of them are themselves teachers of the traditional usage of necessity, much against their will.

The written form of the English language is thus left entirely to the private enter-

prise, but as for the language, stereotype it! Never allow a new thought to enter this sphere!"

A lone outsider is the Chicago Tribune, which has decided that the letter "f" is a better form than the conglomeration "ph" and now prints such forms as gramophone and autobiography.

Unparalleled

The written form of the English language is thus left entirely to the private enter-prisers, whose motto in this de-partment is "No Enterprise." Notable among them was the bold Dr Johnson, who boasted that in his dictionary he had done the work of forty Frenchmen who constituted them as now, the French Academy. Webster in the USA and Murray in England were other individuals who maintained the traditional usage of necessity, much against their will.

Every nation except the English has at various times enlisted its best linguistic scholars to clarify and improve its written language. The French Academy found French in a mediaeval mess two centuries ago. Frenchmen were still writing the letter "s" in thousands of words in which it had not been pronounced for five hundred years. The Academy modelled and imposed the present style of writing French. The Milan Academy did the same service for Italian in Dante's day. The Madrid Academy laid down the rules for Spanish.

Sometimes governments have intervened directly. It was a committee of the Prussian Government which decided and decreed the present form of the German language as recently as 1903. The Bolsheviks were quick to see that language is the chief conveyor of ideas and that its written form is of supreme importance. One of Lenin's first acts was to collect a band of scholars and remodel the written language with such effect that the rest of the world has gaped ever since at the spread of literacy in the Soviet Union.

And the printers and newspaper proprietors of England have one simple rule in this matter: "Make no change in what we inherited. Streamline and modernise production in every other department of the

language has just grown as it still grows. Those who dictate its written form are the printers—the book publishers, the university presses, the Macmillans, and also the newspaper proprietors and their editors. These are the people who decide that we shall write in the main as Dr Johnson two centuries ago decreed that we should.

And the printers and newspaper proprietors of England have one simple rule in this matter: "Make no change in what we inherited. Streamline and modernise production in every other department of the

business, but as for the language, stereotype it! Never allow a new thought to enter this sphere!"

It has had an unparalleled experience. For two and a half centuries no grammarian ever laid hands on it. For all that time, after the Norman Conquest in 1066, the English language was exiled from the royal court of Westminster and banned from every court of law. Nothing but French or Latin was heard or written in these circles.

China, Burma, Siam, Ceylon, Indonesia. In Africa, in the West alone, half a million people a year are learning some English, and English newspaper circulations are bounding. Is it not a cheerful picture, with growing opportunities for Britain to spread what she thinks is good in her way of life? Shall we not be content?

No. We cannot rest. For at home in England a shock has been administered to the educational system under which it is rocking. An official report by the Ministry of Education demonstrates that one-third of the children leaving its highly expensive schools at the age of 11, after ten years' compulsory education, either cannot read their own language at all or read it very badly, very slowly but with comprehension of any but the shortest and simplest meanings. This in reading the spoken form, a miracle of practical simplicity.

To take gender alone, Old English was as bad as German. The sun was a woman, the moon a man. When King Alfred's men went into what was the New Forest to cut ribs for the first English fleet, they spoke of the mighty oak as a female. The graceful birch was masculine. The word "he" itself was, *sex or sheet* according to the gender of the noun.

A Shock

Once his rulers disdained to write his language, the English working man took a look at all this grammar and said to his pals, "Let's forget it." That is the most logical decision known to the Indo-European language group. There may be other explanations but that will do for the time being.

The scholarly contempt for this simple tongue lasted so long that the birth of Shakespeare in 1564 is recorded in Stratford in Latin. His death there in 1616 is recorded in English.

Next question—why worry? Is not the English language doing well as it is? Certainly it is spreading like wildfire. Many Asians today prefer it to their own languages. English language newspapers, to be read by the Ministry's millions of pupils at the present time.

For the first time scientific data will be available to probe the cause of the trouble. An answer should be given to carry weight with the highest authorities to the question of what it is which obstructs reading ability of one third of the population of the world.

Does not the English language deserve a little attention? Why is it, alone of all human instruments, incapable of improvement by modernisation? Let us test what a little spit and polish can do to it.

Experiments will also be conducted where pupils are bilingual. For example, do children speaking Welsh and English from infancy in Wales read Welsh more easily or with greater difficulty than English? If so, why so? On this subject I can provide a small piece of evidence myself. Mr David Grenfell, "Father" of the House of Commons, tells me that he never remembers learning to read Welsh. As he spoke it, he could read it as soon as he learned the alphabet. He tells me that today he may write one letter in Welsh for every hundred that he writes in English, but that he has no trouble in writing Welsh, whereas he will have a dictionary beside him in writing English.

It is of prime importance that Miss Florence Horsburgh, the Minister of Education, has in her House of Commons statement already officially promised her goodwill and her good wishes for any such experiments conducted by a recognised authority. She has promised no money. That is to say, she has laid down that no government grant will be made to assist the research.

Hooray for that, say I. Government gets in our hair and in our way too much. The money can easily be found, about £5,000 a year for ten years. Some of it ought to come from the proprietors of English-language newspapers.

Experiments

Educationalists are appalled. They see themselves on trial and convicted of failure in their first duty. Moreover, the Army authorities complain bitterly. Many boys who could read a bit at 15 have lost the art by 18 and, when they are called up for service at that age, the Army finds that in thousands of cases it has to train the boys to read before it can teach them to fight.

The Institute of Education of London is ready to search and research to find why this should be. One such proposal is that a sample of school classes should be taught first to read a simple written form of the language. The progress of these children will be studied both when starting with the simple, and when graduating to the ordinary and difficult, and the findings compared year by year with the mass of schoolchildren using as now only the accepted form.

Is that what makes an English language newspaper? Or rather not is it essential quality that it employs this incredible English, this incomparable instrument of education, this unparalleled vehicle of ideas?

Does not the English language deserve a little attention? Why is it, alone of all human instruments, incapable of improvement by modernisation? Let us test what a little spit and polish can do to it.



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HONG KONG

How much do you agree with William Barkley? Read below the reactions of four of Hongkong's leading authorities

THE REV. CANON A. P. ROSE, M.A.

Lecturer in Philosophy, University of Hongkong

MR. Barkley seems unduly anxious to modernise the English language. Modern and new expressions make their own way and become science would be advanced or made more rational if the Royal Society, or its President, were to give decisions upon controversial scientific questions still under discussion. We suspect that such authoritarianism would be the remote chance of a dismally mention in "the King's English" or "Modern English Usage." An artificial speeding up of the process might result in our language splitting into two, neither of which would enjoy as widespread comprehension as is secured by natural growth.

The question is, said Alice,

As for modernising the English language, this seems to me only speculative. Languages grow and change surely from other causes than critical comment or academic experiment.

In fact I see many points in which our language has modernised itself, even in the written form, since I was young.

As for education in Hong Kong, my observation has been too brief for me to offer any conclusion.

I feel that the meanings of words are not quite grasped by many of our young scholars, perhaps because the traditions involved are distant from them, or because they do not perceive the rôle of language in the communication of ideas, rather than in cultural expression.

Mr. Barkley's article is a valuable contribution to the discussion of the English language in Hong Kong.

THE VERY REV. F. S. TEMPLE, M.A.

Dean of St. John's Cathedral

I FIND it difficult to work up great enthusiasm about it, and should hate to think of committee of experts modernising the English language round a table, and feel that any language of any value develops and gets adapted by common use to the different needs of each generation.

The strength and beauty of the English language lies in just such variety. As Mr. Barkley says in his article, the devotees of Ingae, but to make all other modes of thought impossible! To give a single example. The word *free* still exists in Newpeak, but it could only be used in such statements as "This dog is free from ticks" or "This field is free from weeds." It could not be used in its old sense of "politically free" or "intellectually free," since political and intellectual freedom no longer existed even as concepts, and were therefore of necessity nameless.... Newpeak designates not to extend but to diminish the range of thought."

In the story of the Tower of Babel the whole earth was of one speech and language until men took it upon themselves to build a tower which would reach to heaven. It is easy to draw the moral that the attempt to control and restrain language, the gift of the gods, brings the penalties of the confusion of tongues. Perhaps a wider meaning is that our difficulties in communication spring rather from our cultural

backgrounds than from any lack of language ability.

This major fallacy of "teaching the question" underlies most of the article. There are other communiques which are equally important, such as the need for a better understanding of the English language in Hong Kong.

Underlying all the difficulties, however, is the lack of a clear-cut definition of what constitutes the English language in Hong Kong.

lish, and that this fault is the cause of the children's failure. But this is to deliver the verdict, like the King of Hearts, before hearing the evidence. Let us have, by all means, a "scientific study" by qualified persons of the problem of "illiteracy". But to assume, before you have even begun the inquiry, that you know the

POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER**Miss Barrett's secret PARADE**A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT
PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

Elizabeth Barrett to Miss Mitford. Edited and introduced by Betty Miller. Murray. 25s. 284 pages.

MISS BARRETT kept her secret well. For ten years she maintained a fervent, affectionate, intimate correspondence with her friend Miss Mitford, opening her heart to the older woman, and not once did she hint at the most important thing in her life.

Those two Victoria ladies had much in common. Both were literary; each was single.

Miss Mitford was an old maid of 50 when the letters began, the devoted slave of a selfish, tyrannical father whom she supported by industrious writing. She was poor, good-natured and famous.

Miss Barrett lived, pampered and pathetic, an invalid of 30, wilting in a room in Wimpole Street, with the windows firmly shut and the fire brightly burning. Sweet, gentle, fated it seemed for a life of literature and celibacy, jealously guarded by her loving and prayerful father, Mr Moulton Barrett.

Miss Mitford took to the young woman at once. Never before had she met a literary lady who might not have served as a scarecrow to keep the birds from the cherries. And here was Miss Barrett, positively pretty, and never likely to fall into the arch-mistake of marriage, "the most foolish thing under the sun," as Miss Mitford believed.

No suitor was likely to penetrate to the stuffy room where Miss Barrett lived on a sofa with her books and her dog Flush. No interloper of that sort was likely to mar the friendship on which the two ladies embarked.

Once, Miss Mitford's instinct gave a warning which her mind failed to heed. When she met her friend, her dislike was acute. "A girl dressed in boy's clothes, long ringlets and no necklace; as bad to his poetry, one heap of obscurity, confusion and weakness."

Once or twice the two friends argued about this young man's work. "The genius, the genius! It is undeniably—Isn't it?" throbbed Miss Barrett. Miss Mitford did not agree.

Only Miss Barrett's letters are printed in this collection. But if only one literary voice is heard; two literary hearts are beating, vivaciously, wittily, sometimes in malice, more often with a hint of feminine gush.

Why do women write the best letters, as men keep the best dirries? The duty suits the more egotistical and secretive sex; men would rather confess than confide. Women either seek a confidant, or supply one. Miss Barrett and

she kept it well. For ten years she confided everything to Miss Mitford—except that Mr. Robert Browning had proposed marriage . . .

GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON reviews the NEW BOOKS

her friend, Miss Mitford, are village women gossiping at the well.

Impetuous

The letters are never less than amusing; can rise to splendour. Here—in impetuous female punctuation and hasty Wimpole Street grammar—is ten years of London as seen by a pair of brown eyes belonging to a lady who, apparently, had nothing in the world to do but think sympathetically of the poor young queen (at whom somebody had fired a pistol); note that Mr Tennyson has married—will his wife have to endure the wretch's smoking? kiss impulsively a letter from Mr Wordsworth graciously suggesting a change in one of Miss Barrett's poems (advise she rejects); and describe how people flock out of London because of a prophecy that it is about to be swallowed up by the earth.

Not a word

And, all the time, while she writes so freely, Miss Barrett is keeping her secret from her dear friend. Not a word about Mr Browning's visits; silence about the "inappropriate" letter in which the poet so far forgets himself as to propose marriage! Not a word until Miss Barrett dashes off the last letter; the letter—finest of them all perhaps—which pierces Miss Mitford's heart:

"When you read this letter I shall have given to one of the most gifted and admirable of men a wife unworthy of him. I shall be the wife of Robert Browning. Against you—in allowing you no confidence—I am not certainly signed, I think."

It is the outcry of an overwrought woman, tremulous with joy and protesting against her own remorse. Mr Moulton Barrett's caged dove had taken wing.

Miss Mitford said acidly: "Women of genius make great mistakes in choosing husbands."

THESE UPROARIOUS YEARS. Cartoons by Michael Cummings; text by Hugh Massingham, MacGibbon and Kee. 10s. 88 pages.

PREDISPOSED by nature to kindness, Cummings shuns this weakness when he takes up his brush. Starting from a reasoned suspicion of all politicians, he outlines Britain's post-war history in terms of acute, unfriendly force. In a highly selective work, note his success with Attlee (who is difficult); his failure with Churchill (who is easy); his obsession with Bevan; his esteem for Morrison; his genial patronage of Eden; above all, his wonderful composite of Left-wing MP, archetype of all slippery and fraudulent demagogues. At least six members of the Socialist party are said to recognise themselves in this imaginary monster. Moving on a sprightly, independent course, Massingham annotates the age that Cummings draws.

THE WEEPING AND THE LAUGHTER. By J. Maclaren-Ross. Hart-Davis. 12s. 6d. 229 pages.

"IN life," says Maclaren-Ross, "there is always worse to come, so that one's past never seems as black as it did at the time." To him, a boy in the nursery during the 1914-18 war, there were moments that seemed black indeed.

Father said one day: "Now, my boy, you are seven. If you commit any offence that deserves it, you can be sent to prison."

Unable to restrain himself, Maclaren-Ross instantly went out and threw a stone through Mrs Bradshaw's window.

"Father," he said, "I shall have to go to prison now."

Worse was to come. Two days later Mrs Bradshaw died.

Guilt darkened Maclaren-Ross's

mind for some time.

It was not his only crime. Scouting the whole race of girls, he invaded a girls' school masked, pistolotted and aged eight. It got him into a great deal of trouble, especially with Father, that figure of eccentric awe who was the centre of the Maclaren-Ross world, with some competition from formidable Aunt End, gay Uncle Bertie, and Carel, the grown-up sister who caught a German spy.

Here is a convincing, diverting account of childhood when there were Zeppelins overhead, strictly stories in the nursery, and the Exploits of Elaine at the local cinema.

The snakes are not yet fully grown. The two black and yellow West African pythons are three feet long and the boa constrictor is their superior in length by six inches. Its owner expects it to grow to 12ft.

While 35-year-old Mr Blomfield and his wife watch television the snakes lie coiled up in glass-fronted tanks a few feet away. An occasional yawn and writhing is all that indicates they are alive.

"There is nothing really unusual in keeping snakes," says Mr Blomfield. "They are much cleaner than the average house pet. There is no smell and no mess."

The snakes eat about 14 mice a week. For exercise they "walk" around Mr Blomfield's arm. "Just to get them used to me" he explains. "After all they will be getting bigger".

The snakes eat about 14 mice a week. For exercise they "walk" around Mr Blomfield's arm. "Just to get them used to me" he explains. "After all they will be getting bigger".

TOURING BUGS CONDUCTING A COMPREHENSIVE SURVEY OF HAMBURGERS AND JUKE BOXES.

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TOURING BUGS CONDUCTING A COMPREHENSIVE SURVEY

Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

RHK Broadcasting Commentary On Arrival In Hongkong Of Labour Party Group

The Right Honourable C. R. Attlee, O.M., C.H., P.C., M.P., and seven members of the British Labour Party who are now touring China will arrive in Hongkong on Wednesday evening.

English and Chinese commentators from Radio Hongkong will be on the spot to witness the arrival of the party, and at 8.15 on Wednesday evening, Donald Brooks will bring English listeners a recorded account of the event.

Sir Ralph Richardson is the narrator in "Conquest of the Air", a BBC programme broadcast last year to mark the 60th anniversary of the Wright brothers' first flight at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina in 1903.

In this absorbing feature, which can be heard at 9.30 p.m. on Tuesday, C. H. Gibb Smith, author and journalist, and Princess Martha Blasberg, set the scene of the early days of flying.

The "Father of the Royal Air Force"—Viscount Trenchard, speaks of the 1914-18 war, and the courage of the pilots of the first fighter aircraft is illustrated by a vivid story of George Headcorn.

The inter-war years are described by the President of the Royal Aero Club, Lord Brabazon of Tara, Major R. H. Mayo and Sir Alan Cobham, whose long distance flights were a spectacular feature in the twenties.

Developments in the dominions are dealt with in recordings by J. A. D. McCurdy, former Governor-General of Nova Scotia, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Chairman of Quintins.

The story of the British Aircraft Industry in the Second World War is told by Sir Frederick Handley-Pule, and future prospects are discussed by Sir Miles Thomas, Chairman of BOAC.

"Conquest of the Air", which is written and produced by John Bridges, ends with a forecast by the President of the Interplanetary Society, Arthur Clarke, who believes that spaceships may be able to touch the Moon before the end of the century.

"OFF THE BEATEN TRACK"

Timothy Birch will be in the studio again on Monday evening at 9.15 with some more records which are "Off the Beaten Track". They range from Laurence Olivier giving Hamlet's advice to the Players—Speak the Speech—but Burl Ives with his guitar and "Worried Man Blues".

DRAMA

The play to be heard in this week's Wednesday Theatre is "Where No Wounds Were", dramatised and produced by Louis MacNeice from the novel by Gordon Rees.

This is the story of the strange duel of personalities that develops between a Nazi fighter pilot who lands in England during the war and gives himself up, and his interrogator, a British officer.

"Where No Wounds Were" opens a door into a strange world, a world which we may be forgetting, but which we should do well to remember. The Nazi is played by Marius Goring, and Mark Dignam is the interrogating officer.

MUSIC

Miss Patsy Toth, who was awarded the Gold Medal for all England in the Royal Schools of Music Examinations earlier this year, will be in the studios at 8.30 on Wednesday evening to give a short piano recital.

The Gold Medal is awarded to the candidate who gains the highest marks in Grade Eight of the Royal Schools of Music Examinations, which are held annually.

Listeners may be interested to know that Patsy achieved this distinction after only one year at school in England, and that she was formerly a pupil of Miss Caroline Braga.

Miss Toth will play Prelude and Fugue No. 11 by Bach, Nocturne in G major Opus 37 by Chopin, Rhapsody in G minor Opus 78 by Brahms, and Andante and Scherzo of Schumann's Sonata in G minor Opus 22.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 800 kilocycles per second and on 0.57 megacycles per second in 31 metre band).

Today

12.30 P.M. TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY FROM THE SHOWS.
12.32 DOWN THE STRAND. WITH Leslie Rosson, Barbara Leigh, Billie Hayes, Dennis and Billie Edwards. Presented by Leslie Wain.

10.05 MORNING MELODY. Camarata and his Orchestra.
10.30 VICTOR YOUNG AND HIS ORCH. BING CROSBY (VOCAL).

11.00 SERVICE FROM THE STUDIO. Conducted by the Rev. W. J. Haig-Brown.

11.45 LONDON STUDIO CONCERT. The New Symphony Orchestra. Conducted by Sir Bernard Helem.

12.15 p.m. STUDIO: SPORTS TIME. By John Wallace.

12.30 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

12.45 NATIONAL GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL CANADIANS.

1.15 NEWS. WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.30 AFTERNOON CONCERT. FORCES' PROGRAMMES.

2.00 STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS. Presented by Helen.

3.00 SONGS BY BILLY DANIELS. ERICH AND HIS SOLOISTS.

3.15 TEA TIME WITH TOM HEATH AND HIS BOLSTERS.

3.30 STUDIO: HOME REQUESTS. Presented by Helen.

4.00 URDN WELLINS IN THE BLACK MUSEUM.

4.15 POPULAR CLASSICS. The Story of the Series of Programmes on the records of the C. L. D. Scotland Yard. Episode 1—The Jack-in-the-Box.

5.00 VARIETY FANTASTIC. From the Home of England.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

6.03 MUSIC OF THE PEOPLE. The BBC Midland Light Orchestra.

6.15 STUDIO: CHILDREN'S EDUCATING ARCHIE. (BBC).

7.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

7.20 CONTEMPORARY JAZZ PRESENTED BY PAUL PERRY. (STUDIO).

8.00 STUDIO: CHILDREN'S EDUCATING BY THERESA. (STUDIO).

8.40 FORCES' CHOICE. Presented by Tony Cohen.

9.00 STUDIO: CHILDREN'S EDUCATING BY CHARLES DICKENS. Adapted for Radio by Giles Cooper. Episode 3—"In Trouble".

9.30 POPULAR LIGHT CLASSICS. TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

10.00 STUDIO: CHILDREN'S EDUCATING BY THERESA. CALMING: Ammunition Section R.A.C.

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SPORTING SAM



By Reg. Wootton

REFLECTIONS ON THE FINAL TEST AND THOUGHTS ON THE FUTURE

By PETER DITTON

Where Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, India and the West Indies failed, little Pakistan, babes of the Imperial Cricket Conference, have succeeded. First go, they have won a Test match in England and, more important still, drawn a four-match series.

It is true that the weather played a considerable part in the matches. It ruined the first game at Lord's and almost certainly saved Pakistan from defeat at Manchester. But that is merely part and parcel of an English summer and in no way detracts from the merit of their performance.

Like England since the war, to England lies eight years of Pakistan's owed a great deal to a head and while a number of players of key players, with other members of the team playing secondary, but nonetheless important, roles.

EQUAL OF ANY

In Faiz Mahmood they have a medium-paced new-ball bowler who, of his type, is the equal of any in the world.

In the 10-year-old Hanif they have an opening batsman with all the subtle skill of a Test veteran.

Without a shadow of doubt, they could walk into any present-day Test side. They are Hutton and Bedser for England, were the cornerstones upon which Kardar himself mean cricket was built up his match-winning side.

It took him some considerable time to hit upon the match-winning combination. He found, as many touring captains before him, that pre-conceived notions as to the likeliest-looking Test eleven do not always work out in practice.

The more credit to him, therefore, in that in the short space of three months he was able to bring together the best players from a party in whose original selection he was not concerned.

Apart from Faiz and Hanif, who have already been mentioned, one also needs to single out wicket-keeper Intiaz Ahmed, who caught seven batsmen in the last match to bring his total for the series to 11. He was already a good wicket-keeper when the tour started and has since improved with every match.

And then there are the two other heroes of the final victory, pint-sized off-spinner Zulfiqar and the equally diminutive Waiz, Hanif's elder brother.

Zulfiqar's lack of height will always handicap him in his bowling, but he does his best to make amends by tossing the ball well up and loses little in the way of accuracy in so doing.

Waiz, a slightly portly figure, has a fine defence, with but held remarkably upright, and as he showed in the last wicket stand with Mahmood, his lack of inches are no handicap when it comes to punching the ball on the off-side.

IMMEASURABLE

In Pakistan the impetus which the win will give to the cause of cricket should be almost immeasurable. The next visit

TABLE TENNIS TOURNAMENT PLANNED

Non-Chinese table tennis players are to have a tournament all to themselves. This is being organised by the Missions to Seamen at Gloucester Road and entries close on September 30.

The organisers feel that there should be considerable interest in such a tournament as the standard at Chinese-run competitions is too high for the average non-Chinese player.

The Secretary of the Missions to Seamen is also making available a badminton court for Servicemen who wish to use it. This will be available only in daylight hours every day of the week.

Don't Get The Breeze Up!

Says BERNARD HUNT

Don't get the wind-up when it's windy. That is what my father used to say. Relax rather than stiffen up. Don't let a breeze alter your style. If you do, it will beat you and ruin your golf.

I am well aware that all that is much easier said than accepted and put into practice. Very few of us can really ignore the problems which blow into our game when half a gale suddenly hits us. But the old advice—not to get the wind up and not to stiffen up—is thoroughly sound. I have always found that knowledge gets rid of panic quicker than anything else, so let's discuss this wind problem more closely.

When I am hitting into wind I only alter one thing in my swing—and that only a fraction. All I do is keep my hands a little more in front of the club-head at the address and throughout the shot. The main point is that the alteration is very minute. And it is designed to keep the ball lower than usual in flight. If the wind is of near gale force I might also shorten my swing a little and widen my stance slightly in order to try to maintain balance more easily.

DON'T HIT HARDER

Otherwise I just go through and hit the ball in the ordinary way. The strong tendency is always to try to hit in harder than usual, because you know you will lose length into a headwind. At all costs you must curb that feeling. You simply must not press. From the tee accept a little less length. Through the green take a club, a two clubs, more than usual. But don't press. As soon as you try to press you start to sway or lurch or lose timing and the whole thing is ruined.

The other thing you must NOT do, is to try to steer the ball to keep it on line. Hit it crisply and firmly, and push the club-head right through to the hole.

I am all against the many fancy ideas that are sometimes put forward for beating the wind. The simpler you keep your swing and your whole approach to the problem, the better. For instance I never try to "hook" a shot to counter a wind which sweeps from left to right. Instead I prefer the much simpler idea of hitting straight down the left hand side of the fairway and allowing the wind to bring the ball in if it wants to do so.

When the wind is blowing from right to left I merely reverse the procedure—hit down the right hand side of the fairway and again let it drift in to the middle. If there is plenty of fairway space, I don't mind even closing my stance a little to get slight draw to help the ball to run with the wind helping it. For the handicap player that might be a bit risky, but it does help to give astonishing distance if you play it properly.

EXTRA HEIGHT—HIGHER TEE?

Many people insist that a properly hit ball is not affected by the wind. To a large extent that is probably true. The trouble is that none of us can hit the ball properly all the time. There is always a degree of error somewhere. That is why when you are playing a pitch to the green, into the wind, it is so often better to play a "pushed" type of seven iron rather than your usual high number eight or nine. The pushed seven keeps the ball lower in flight, and the push, with your hands slightly leading the clubhead, helps it to hold line.

When you are playing with the wind behind you, the im-

portant thing to remember is to restrain your desire to slam really hard and knock the ball out of sight. That would amount to the old "press" again. Get it into your mind that you don't need extra power. The wind is dead behind you, to prop it up. If you put the ball in the air the wind will do the rest.

Some people find they can get extra height by hitting from a higher toe. I never think that a good idea. I always find it loses power. The best way to get better pick-up and still retain the punch you want, is to play the ball a little further from your front foot than usual. The accent, as with all modifications in golf, is on the word "little".

In brief—relax and make use of the wind rather than let it panic you.

Arsenal Go To Russia — Time The Russians Came To Highbury

Says HAROLD PALMER

Arsenal face the next serious challenge to English soccer. Arrangements are now nearly complete for them to meet Spartak or Moscow Dynamos at the Moscow Stadium on Tuesday, October 5, and for a return game by floodlight at Highbury on Tuesday, November 2.

Arsenal's opponents are not decided yet. Although the vast Moscow Stadium, with its 100,000 capacity, is the home of the Dynamos, apparently Spartak will provide the opposition should they be showing better form.

Arsenal, whoever face them at Moscow will certainly be the team to visit London. There is an air of purposefulness about this place today, commented the not-so-weighty Tom Whittaker, after the departure of Sir Stanley Rous, the FA Secretary, and the First Secretary of the Russian Embassy with whom he had been finalising the tour arrangements.

"In those days the idea was that the players should have the ball in training about once a week. We look it for granted that we were on the right lines. The Continentals have shown us more, but we can get back, we can catch them up and pass them. We have been challenged and we accept the challenge."

It would not surprise me if one of these days Arsenal's No. 5 played an attacking game. It would not indicate any departure from the defensive centre-half. It would simply mean the adoption of the Continental habit of having a player with No. 3 on his back doing that job.

AS ADEQUATE

Arsenal may be criticised for the development of the stopper centre-half, but Mr. Whittaker told him that he would be tried as the successor to Joe Mercer at left-half.

Goring is sparing in his speech and at first his comment was merely "If you say so." He was not very enthusiastic, but willing to do his best. Now Mr. Whittaker believes that he is really getting to like the idea and in last week's trial his form impressed everybody.

Arsenal made only one close season capture. They paid about £10,000 to Brentford for their promising young forward, Jimmy Bloomfield.

MUST HAVE COLOUR

There may soon be more spectacular moves by Arsenal. I asked Mr. Whittaker if they would buy and his honest admission that they would surprise me.

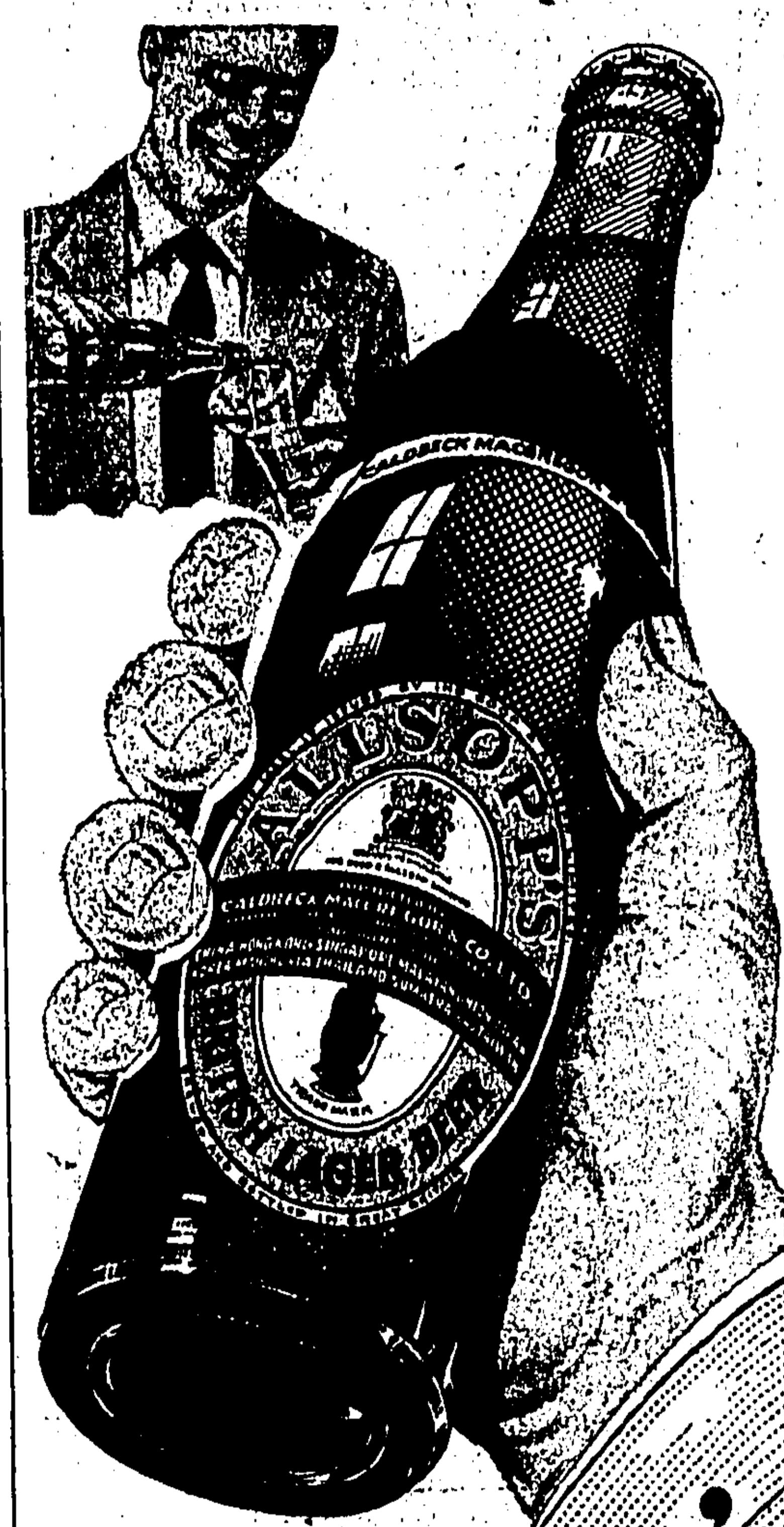
"I think we must," he said. "We must have some colour."

So I pressed him about John Charles, Leeds and Welsh international. Yes, he had to agree he would like to have him—and the necessary advances had been made.

Charles is a good club man. He wants to stay with Leeds, who certainly do not want to sell him. That makes Mr. Whittaker all the more eager. "We must have men who have a 'good club spirit' and with that he distanced away to round off his day watching a junior trial at Southgate.

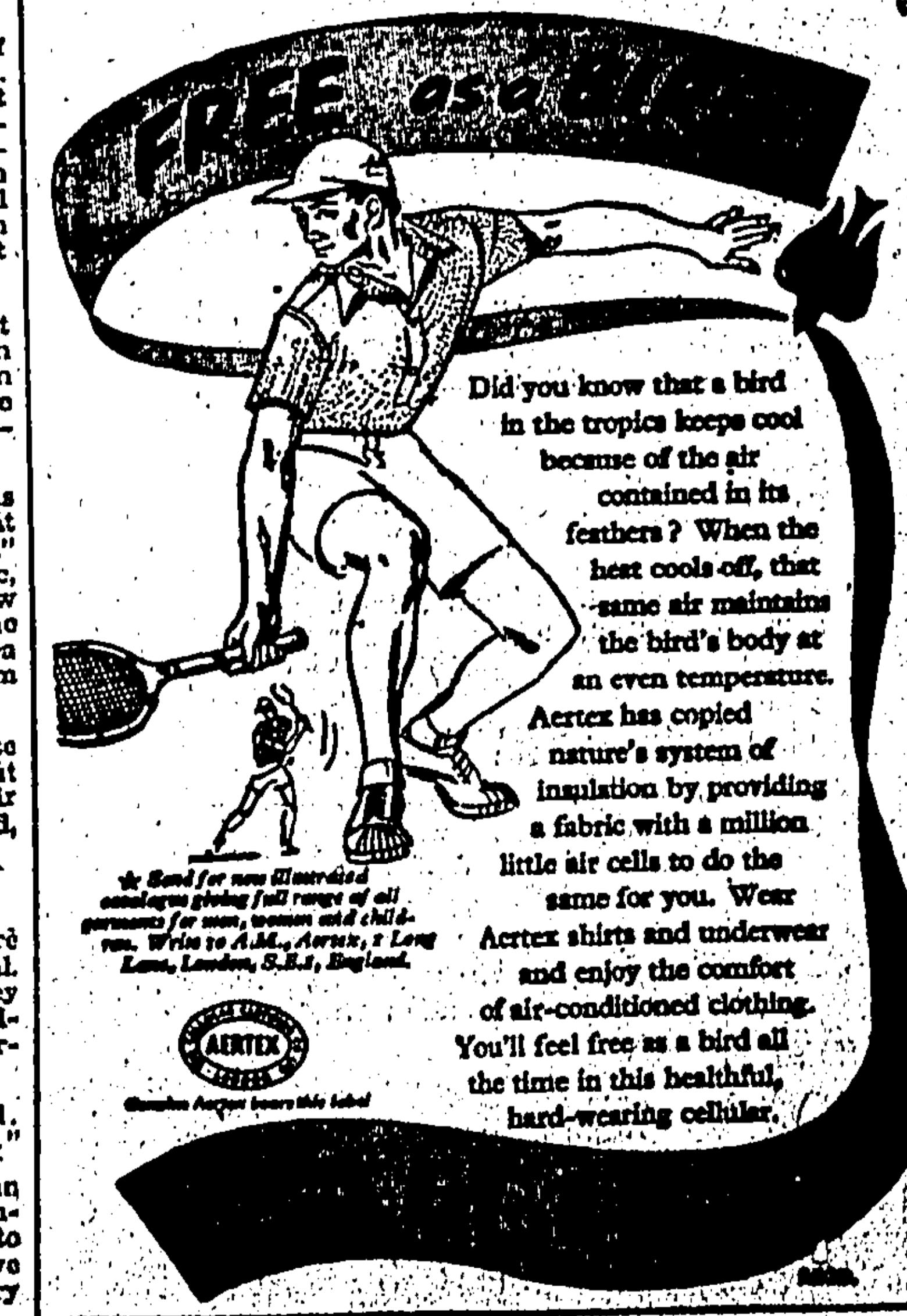
Charles is going to be in the news again soon, and I would think that he will be back among the honours again.

BRITISH and Best



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THE WEEK-END GAMBOLES



By BARRY APPLEBY

It's time to get up or I shall be late for work.

Say's sleeping so peacefully it seems a shame to wake her.

I'll dress quietly in the bathroom.

Hullo, dear, you're up early! DID YOU FORGET IT'S SUNDAY?

I KNOW THE WAITER GAVE - LETS LEAVE THE CHOICE TO HIM.

THE VOL AU VENT IS VERY NICE - I HAD SOME MYSELF A SHORT WHILE AGO.

LATER WILL YOU TAKE COFFEE SIR? FATHER, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHER WAITER?

HE'S BEEN TAKEN ILL, SIR. - SOMETHING HE ATE UPSET HIM.

P&O B.I.E.&A COMPANIES

PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL S.N. CO.

PASSENGER/FREIGHT SERVICE

Outwards Leaves London Due Hongkong
 "CORFU" 10th August 10th September
 "CANTON" 17th September 10th October
 "CHUSAN" 8th October 11th November
 "CARTHAGE" 13th October 13th November
 Via Southampton, Port Said, Aden, Bombay, Colombo, Penang & Singapore

Homewards Leaves Hongkong Due London
 "CORFU" 24th September 15th October
 "CANTON" 22nd October 22nd November
 "CHUSAN" 8th November 8th December
 "CARTHAGE" 19th November 20th December
 Via Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Bombay, Aden, Port Said & London

FREIGHT SERVICE

Outwards Arriving From Sells For
 "SINGAPORE" 31st August U.K. Kobe, Yokohama
 "SURAT" 21st Sept U.K. Utara, Yokohama & Kure
 Homewards Loading For
 "BOMBAK" 30th August Iloilo, Zamboanga, Singapore, K'g. Swat, Penang, Colombo, Aden, Port Said, Bombay, Calcutta, Ceylon, Havre, London, Antwerp, Rotterdam & Hamburg
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 With liberty to call at Belawan before or after Straits Ports and at Bombay if indument offers.
 Tanks available for carriage of Oil in Bulk. Space for refrigerated cargo. Limited Passenger accommodation

BRITISH INDIA S.N. CO., LTD.

"SIRDHANA" due 31st Aug from Japan for Singapore, Penang, Rangoon & Calcutta
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 sails 11th Sept. for Japan

P. & C./B. I. JOINT SERVICE

"ORHLA" due 8th Sept. from Japan for Singapore, Colombo, Madras, Aden, Khorramshahr, Kuwait direct, other P. Gulf Ports via Karachi.

"OLINDA" due 14th Sept. from Persian Gulf sails 15th Sept. for Japan

EASTERN & AUSTRALIAN S.S. CO., LTD.

"EASTERN" due 10th Sept. from Australia for Japan
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All vessels have liberty to call at any port on or off the route & the route & sailing are subject to change or amendment with or without notice.

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"BRADEVERETT"
 Arrives Aug. 31 from Singapore.
 Sails Aug. 31 for Kobe & Yokohama.

"NOREVERETT"
 Arrives Sept. 8 from Manila.
 Sails Sept. 9 for Singapore, Penang, Rangoon, Chittagong & Calcutta.

(Accepting cargo for transhipment
 Kobe/Pusan and Kobe/Okinawa)

EVERETT STAR LINE
 Fast regular freight—refrigerator—passenger service to Korea, Japan, Philippines, Indo-China, Siam, Malaya, Colombo, Bombay, Karachi and Persian Gulf.

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 In Port Loading
 Sails Aug. 23 for Singapore, Port Swettenham, Colombo, Bombay, Karachi, Basrah, Khorramshahr, Kuwait & Bahrain.

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 Arrives Sept. 2 from Singapore.
 Sails Sept. 2 for Pusan, Kobe & Yokohama.

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EVERETT STEAMSHIP CORPORATION S.A.
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the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

FOR A NEW AND DIFFERENT HOBBY—

MAKE COLOURED LEAF PRINTS

By VIOLET M. ROBERTS

If you are looking for a new and different hobby which you follow for any hobby, then try making leaf prints on photographic print. After the print is properly fixed, wash it in about eight changes of water, leaving it in the water 10 minutes each time.

Select any leaf you wish. One with a distinctive shape such as the maple or oak is a good choice, or you can obtain a lacey effect by choosing pine.

In a very dark room lighted only by a ruby light, place the leaf on the glass of the printing frame. Place the sensitised side of the photographic paper next to the leaf, and clamp down the back of the frame. Expose to 40-watt lamp at a distance of four inches, for from eight to 15 seconds.

Fix and develop the print under the ruby light, it will fall off without effort

The next step is to colour the print. Obtain a sheet of dark green Japanese watercolour paper. Place three tablespoons of water in a dish and add a one-inch square of this paper.

Remove the leaf print from the wash water, place it face up on a piece of glass, remove the surface water carefully with a towel, and using a small artist's brush, cover the whole surface of the print with the coloured water. While the print is wet, place it face down on a clean ferrototype plate and press it thoroughly until all water is removed from between the print and plate. Lay the plate aside to dry.

Mount them in an album, writing the name of each underneath.

The supplies mentioned are inexpensive, but it helps if there is a camera bug in the family who already has the necessary materials.



THE PRINTS CAN BE
MOUNTED IN A BOOK TO
MAKES A NICE EXHIBIT

The Liberty

Torch

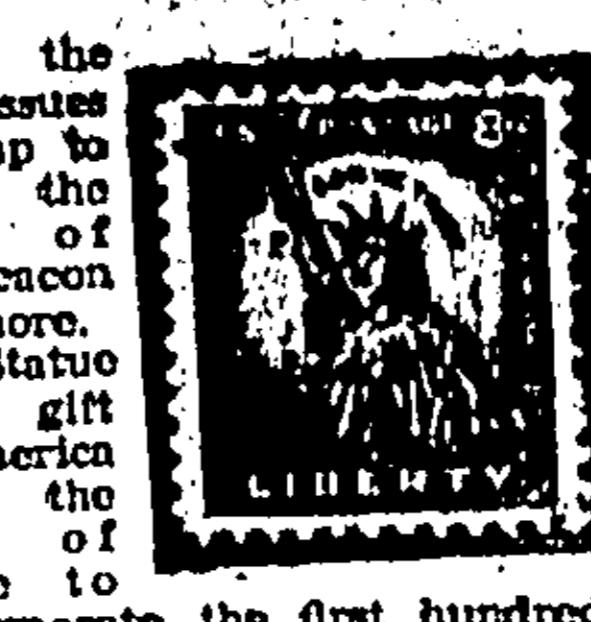
LIBERTY — how sweet the word. And how inspiring the Statue of Liberty that has welcomed fugitives from oppression to America for the past 86 years.

Now the U.S. issues a stamp to spread the fame of this beacon still more. The Statue was a gift to America from the people of France to commemorate the first hundred years of U.S. independence.

The French people contributed US\$450,000 for the statue and the Americans added another US\$350,000 for the pedestal.

The architect, Frederic Auguste Bartholdi, designed the figure of a woman as Liberty. She is 151ft. high in height and holds aloft a torch which is, with her giant hand, 40ft. high.

This is the welcome given to everyone entering New York Harbour. And the stamp which shows it is perforated 11, recess-printed and costs 1d. in London.—J.A.A.



THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

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YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

Crossword

Triangle

This triangle is based on an ORANGE. The second word is an abbreviation for "senior"; third, "a Greek"; fourth, "Ireland"; and fifth, "an insect's bite." Complete the triangle.

R
A
N
G
E
OR
ANGE

Where is it?

There are a few structures around the world which have won international fame. Some are old, some are new. We give you 10 of them, all built by human hands. You are to do two things: (1) Locate each of these structures. (2) Tell what it is or give some bit of information about it. Score yourself one point for each part. A perfect score is therefore 20, which would be almost too good to be true.

1. The White House.
2. The Colosseum.
3. The Bolt Tower.
4. The Empire State Building.
5. Sing Sing.
6. The Louvre.
7. The Rose Bowl.
8. Independence Hall.
9. The Pyramids.
10. The Parthenon.

Picture word square

Substitute a four-letter word for each of the pictures and you'll find it reads the same down us across when you are right.



(Solutions on Page 20)

Vowel-less

The Puzzlement forgot to put vowels in his sentence, so it's up to you to help him out:
 Ah ld ht f th wl add thrugh th gnm frn crs th brd lgn.

Word marriages

Marry a three-letter word for the first part to a three-letter word for the second part and you'll find a six-letter word as a result of the marriage.
 Body of water—Male offspring
 Rodent—Pronoun
 Pigpen—Permit

CHINESE CREEDS and CUSTOMS



by
 V. R. BURKHARDT

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR
 IDEAL GIFT
 FOR FRIENDS ABROAD
 FOURTH IMPRESSION

\$1.80

S. C. M. POST OFFICES
 HONG KONG

YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28

BORN today, you possess a real touch of genius and it should reach the heights of achievement to which you should aspire. Music, drama, the arts as well as philosophy, mathematics and his story are but a few of the fields in which you could find success. The degree of your success will be measured by the degree of your confidence in your ability. Whatever you desire to do—that you may accomplish.

Your mind is one for analysis and reasoning and you are not a person ever to approach a problem superficially. You insist upon reaching down deep to get at the basic roots and facts of everything. Your very thoroughness makes you outstanding in a world where many think that "once over lightly" is all that is necessary for success.

Intuitive, almost to the point of being psychic about people, you are a good judge of character at first sight. Your first impressions are accurate and you rarely, if ever, make a mistake. You have an excellent earning capacity and will be able to work with or under others as well as being able to carry on by yourself. Although not demonstrative, you are deeply affectionate and should find great and lasting happiness in marriage.

Among those who born on this date are: Goethe, poet, Sir Edward Burnes-Jones, architect, Ira D. Sankey, evangelist; Charlotte Woodruff, actress, John Ferguson Weir, sculptor, James Oliver, inventor, Charles Boyer, actor.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 29

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23) — Attending the church of your choice could bring you special joy and pleasure at this time. Seek spiritual advice.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23) — Be careful if you are driving on roads heavy with traffic. Watch out for the other fellow, too.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22) — Wind up a pleasant week end safely. If away from home, get an early start back and go slowly!

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22) — Some not-so-good signs are intermixed with the excellent, but if you are careful you will be able to get along.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20) — This can be one of the best days this month. Enjoy yourself, but take time out to make future plans.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Mar. 19) — You may find it wise to seek spiritual advice in a matter of great importance to your activities.

BORN today, you are one of those unusual combinations of whimsy, caprice, bright humour, yet with serious attitudes toward all the serious things of life. You seem to divide all of living into two parts: your working day, when you are austere and devoted to the business of making money or gaining fame and success in your profession, and your playtime hours, when you forget everything except having a good time. You have a great deal of energy and consequently are able to do many things at one and the same time.

You are fond of people and are a fine host or hostess. You enjoy social life but prefer entertaining in your own home to going out for the evening and attending public entertainments. It is likely that you will cultivate a group of people who have similar interests and enjoy their company to the exclusion of any casual acquaintances. Fond of music, literature and the arts, you may become the patron or an appreciative audience rather than a performer or active participant.

Your fortune seems to run in cycles. Learn to take advantage of the favourable periods but avoid committing to important decisions during the month of May. In marriage, wed someone born under Scorpio, Libra or Sagittarius for such is apt to be the most congenial.

Among those born on this date are: Maurice Maeterlink, philosopher; Oliver Wendell Holmes, author; John Locke, philosopher; Albert Ritchie of Virginia and Wm. G. Brownlow of Tennessee, statesmen.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, AUGUST 30

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23) — Good ideas should be a dime a dozen, so select the best one and put it into immediate operation.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23) — You should be able to trust your hunches today. Act upon whatever comes to mind, first. It will be right.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22) — Even if the flow of ideas appears at its peak for you, it is important that you become highly selective.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22) — At home—but on the job especially—make use of an innovation in procedure to advance yourself.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20) — Investigate the details of a suggestion made to you by another before adopting it. Be very sure it is right.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Mar. 19) — A single, bright idea today could pave the way to your fame and fortune, so be on the lookout for it.

PICTURES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20) — One of those times when your brain is superactive and sensitive to all impressions. Select only the best ideas.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 19) — You should have the green light for anything that you want to do now. Make excellent progress in your career.

Taurus (Apr. 20-May 18) — Be alert if travelling in heavy traffic, especially during the very early morning hours. Don't

DUMB-BELLS



IS THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE OUT OF DATE?—H.K. REACTIONS

(Continued from Page 14)

He says we have refused any authoritarian supervision over the form of the English language, a few lines later he tells us that the publishers and newspaper editors exercise a rigid and conservative control over it. The statement that we write as Dr Johnson decreed that we should does not bear examination. Who writes now as Johnson did—except for fun? And if he means merely that we spell as Johnson did—a very different thing—even that is very far from an accurate statement. The notion that newspaper editors are conservatively determined to make us write like Johnson is fantastic, seeing that they regularly turn out English which would make him rot in his grave.

The spread of literacy in the Soviet Union is surely far more due to the fact that the government spent much more money on education than ever the Tsars did than to any Leninist "remodelling" of the language. For Russian still has a larger alphabet than English and infinitely more inflections, if the Russians can tackle illiteracy successfully, why should the English, with a language which Mr Barkley calls "a miracle of practical simplicity," find it so hard? When he speaks of English children leaving school at the age of 11 after ten years of compulsory education, one ought to be charitable enough to assume a misprint.

Mr Barkley opened the ten of diamonds, and East, won with the king. East now made an excellent shift to clubs, and South proceeded to draw three rounds of trumps ending in the dummy, and took the heart finesse, losing to West's king. Would you play it the same way up to this point? If so, you'd better have an alibi ready because you're going to go down.

West took the heart finesse with the king and led the queen of clubs, forcing out declarer's last trump. Dummy still had a losing club and a losing diamond, and there was no way to prevent the loss of four tricks. It's quite all right to draw three rounds of trumps, but it is hard to know whether he

contracts the valuable work done by the French Académie with English difficulties, but later he concedes that the English themselves rid the language of genders which the French and most continental languages have. He faces us with a paradox. The English language is simpler than the French or Russian, but (we presume or else why the fuss?) English children are less literate. His remedy is to make the English language even simpler. It does not occur to him that the comparative ease or difficulty (for

it is hard to know whether he can reduce the vocabulary to five thousand words, the tenses to three, the alphabet to a dozen letters, the grammar to half a page—and then perhaps our children will be able to read it. But it won't be worth reading, and the whole heritage of our literature from Shakespeare to Churchill will be a closed book. Magnificent. But why stop there? Science is always improving things—that is the fatuous faith of today—and no doubt we could have English reduced to half a dozen simple noises which could be learned by an intelligent ape in six weeks, and reduce the illiteracy of English children by perhaps 50 percent.

Mr Barkley can keep his "streamlined" English. He can reduce the vocabulary to five thousand words, the tenses to three, the alphabet to a dozen letters, the grammar to half a page—and then perhaps our children will be able to read it. But it won't be worth reading, and the whole heritage of our literature from Shakespeare to Churchill will be a closed book. Magnificent. But why stop there? Science is always improving things—that is the fatuous faith of today—and no doubt we could have English reduced to half a dozen simple noises which could be learned by an intelligent ape in six weeks, and reduce the illiteracy of English children by perhaps 50 percent.

It is forgotten by these starry-eyed enthusiasts for "streamlining" that language exists to express thought. I do not pretend to know why so many English children cannot read well. I could suggest that the dislocation of schooling during the war years has something to do with it; the overcrowded classes; the poorly paid teachers; and above all the fact that the children come from illiterate homes. I remember in 1935 or 1936 the Government of the day said that it could not afford £6 million to raise the school-leaving age. (The budget was just under £1,000 million then, I think). If you economise on

there is no excuse for taking the heart finesse immediately. South must lead a diamond to knock out the ace.

If the opponents return clubs, the best defence, South ruffs with his last trump and cashes the queen of diamonds in order to discard dummy's last club. It is then easy to cash the ace of hearts and lead a heart towards dummy, giving up one trick in the suit. By this line of play, declarer loses only one heart and two diamonds—and no clubs.

White, 10 pieces. White to play mate in two.

Solution to yesterday's problem:

1. B—K14, threat 2, K1—K6 (dis ch); 1... P—K3; 2, K1—R4 (dis ch); 1... P—K4; 2, K1—R6 (dis ch); 1... B—B3; 2, R—Q8 (ch).

CROSSWORD

Across	2	3	4	5	6	7
1. May describe a cat, or your Little Red riding hood on the film. (6)						
2. Credit is due. (6)						
3. You'll get results if you stick with a certain amount of pull. (8)						
4. Party piece, this is upset. (4, 6)						
5. It doesn't follow that this boxer is efficient—he's not. (6)						
6. Sium trio upsets. (6)						
7. This makes an All-dinner, near enough. (6)						
8. SW/ a gurne's swallow. (6)						
9. Appropriate, come down South? (6)						
10. Tell about the. (6)						
11. Get the cat off the. (6)						
12. In a, find an attacking. (6)						
13. The chameleon's defeat. (6)						
14. Weapons. (6)						
15. Take up the fine fastness. (6)						
16. Bits split for the word "Go". (6)						
17. Put in the pigeon hole. (6)						

Down

1. It's been a bad year for the. (6)

2. The swan song's soloist. (6)

3. The swan song's soloist. (6)

4. The swan song's soloist. (6)

5. The swan song's soloist. (6)

6. The swan song's soloist. (6)

7. The small advertisement brings out the south-east. (6)

8. The swan song's soloist. (6)

9. The swan song's soloist. (6)

10. The swan song's soloist. (6)

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54. The swan song's soloist.

